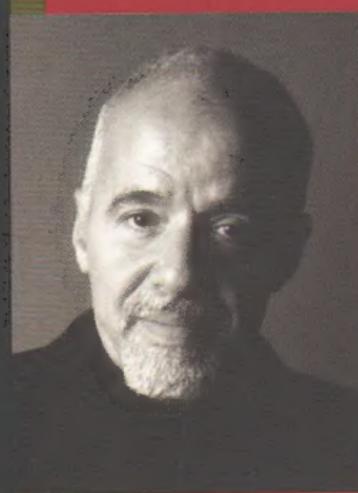


THE  
ALL-OUT  
MILITIA  
A GRAPHIC NOVEL



# PAULO COELHO,



born in Rio de Janeiro in 1947, is one of the bestselling and most influential authors in the world. *The Alchemist*, *The Pilgrimage*, *The Valkyries*, *Brida*, *Veronika Decides to Die*, *Eleven Minutes*, *The Zahir*, *The Witch of Portobello*, and *The Winner Stands Alone*, among

others, have sold 115 million copies in more than 160 countries. Visit the author online at [www.paulocoelho.com](http://www.paulocoelho.com).

**DANIEL SAMPERE**, illustrator, was born in 1985. At the age of eighteen he attended an illustration academy in Barcelona. His first project was Spirit for Alpha Omega Comics and later Domino Lady for Moonstone Comics. Daniel is currently living in Spain.

**DEREK RUIZ**, adapter, has been a graphic novel writer and editor for the past ten years. In 2010 he cowrote the graphic adaption of the *New York Times* bestselling author **Dean Koontz**'s *Fear Nothing*.

**SEA LION BOOKS LLC**, located in Atlanta, Georgia, is a newly established publishing and graphics house that specializes in graphic novels, urban fantasy, and young adult genres.  
[www.sealionbooks.com](http://www.sealionbooks.com)

HarperCollinsPublishers

Jacket design: Sea Lion Books  
Author photo: © Xavier González

Magnificently illustrated and carefully reviewed by Paulo Coelho, *The Alchemist: A Graphic Novel* is a stunning interpretation of this international bestselling classic.

Andalusian shepherd boy Santiago travels from his homeland in Spain to the Egyptian desert in search of a treasure buried in the Pyramids. Along the way he meets a Gypsy woman, a man who calls himself king, and an alchemist, all of whom point Santiago in the direction of his quest. No one knows what the treasure is, or if Santiago will be able to surmount the obstacles along the way. But what starts out as a journey to find worldly goods turns into a discovery of the treasure found within.

Since its first printing *The Alchemist* has been translated into seventy-one languages and sold forty million copies worldwide, establishing itself as a modern classic that will enchant and inspire readers for generations to come. Beautifully rendered, *The Alchemist: A Graphic Novel* is a must have for any collector's library.



GRAPHIC  
NOVELS  
BY  
HARRY  
COLLINS

# THE ALCHEMIST

A GRAPHIC NOVEL

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING PHENOMENON

# THE ALCHEMIST

A GRAPHIC NOVEL



PAULO COELHO

# THE ALCHEMIST

A GRAPHIC NOVEL

PAULO COELHO



HarperCollinsPublishers

HarperCollinsPublishers  
77–85 Fulham Palace Road,  
Hammersmith, London W6 8JB

[www.harpercollins.co.uk](http://www.harpercollins.co.uk)

First published in the USA in 2010 by HarperOne,  
an imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers

This edition 2010

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

© 2010 Paulo Coelho

Paulo Coelho asserts the moral right to be identified  
as the author of this work

A catalogue record of this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978–0–00–742320–0

Printed and bound in the United States of America

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in  
a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic,  
mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written  
permission of the publishers.

# PAULO COELHO

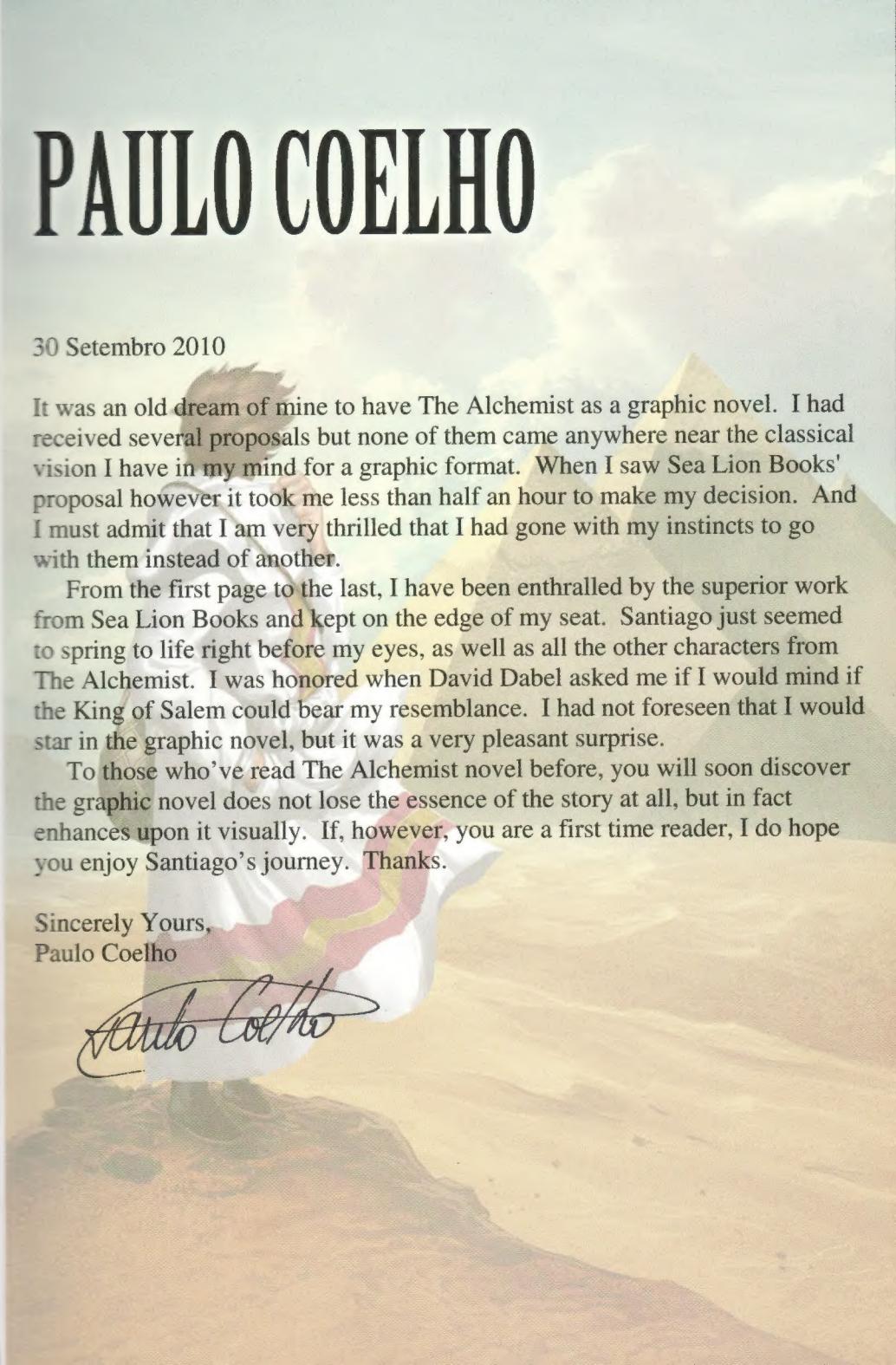
30 Setembro 2010

It was an old dream of mine to have The Alchemist as a graphic novel. I had received several proposals but none of them came anywhere near the classical vision I have in my mind for a graphic format. When I saw Sea Lion Books' proposal however it took me less than half an hour to make my decision. And I must admit that I am very thrilled that I had gone with my instincts to go with them instead of another.

From the first page to the last, I have been enthralled by the superior work from Sea Lion Books and kept on the edge of my seat. Santiago just seemed to spring to life right before my eyes, as well as all the other characters from The Alchemist. I was honored when David Dabel asked me if I would mind if the King of Salem could bear my resemblance. I had not foreseen that I would star in the graphic novel, but it was a very pleasant surprise.

To those who've read The Alchemist novel before, you will soon discover the graphic novel does not lose the essence of the story at all, but in fact enhances upon it visually. If, however, you are a first time reader, I do hope you enjoy Santiago's journey. Thanks.

Sincerely Yours,  
Paulo Coelho



*Paulo Coelho*

# DANIEL SAMPERE

When my manager told me if I would draw the graphic novel of The Alchemist, the first thing I thought was "The Alchemist?" there's no action on The Alchemist or super heroes! I've always drawn action comics. Then I started thinking, and I felt a lot of pressure. The Alchemist is one of the most important best sellers in history with million of fans, and I knew that it was going to be a really good challenge for me.

When I started working on the pages, the magic of the book quickly invaded me, and I started enjoying drawing desert scenes, really beautiful landscapes. I think when you read the novel, you get a very relaxed feeling, it just calms you in a very good way and that was really difficult to transmit all those feelings on the pages. I tried to create an art style that would transmit this sensation that the original book gave you.

It's been a really difficult and stressful experience too, but all the hard work I put into the pages were worth it. I'm very happy because I worked with a really great team, the inkers, and the colorists impressed me. The entire creative team did amazing work.

The Alchemist talks about personal legends, and to follow your dreams. It is an invitation for everyone to fight for what you want in life without any fear. That's why I want to dedicate this book to my grandfather, because he was the person who inspired me to be a comic book artist and the person who taught me, and encouraged me to fight to follow my dream. Without him, I would never have become an artist. To the memory of my grandpa, the best artist I've ever met

Daniel Sampere

*Daniel Sampere*

# DEREK RUIZ

I feels like only yesterday that David Dabel brought "The Alchemist" to my attention. Up until that point I never heard of "The Alchemist" or its wonderful message, so reading it was very enlightening. You see, the book tells you that everything on the planet has a Personal Legend. A Personal Legend is what you always wanted to accomplish in your life. You usually know what your Personal Legend is when you are younger. When you are younger you believe all your dreams can become a reality, because they can. Young people are usually described as fearless dreamers. I would rather be a dreamer than someone who just settles for what is easy in life. Since I was eight years old I have wanted to work in the comic book industry. Working in the comic industry and being successful at it has been my Personal Legend. I have had my ups and downs just like Santiago. There have been times where I've wanted to give it all up but my heart wouldn't let it. It would whisper to me that things will get better and all your struggles will pay off. Finally with Sea Lion Books I feel like I've reached a place where my dreams are finally going to be fulfilled and getting to the end of my Personal Legend is finally at hand.

I want to dedicate this book to my mother and father for always telling me to follow my dreams because they will never let me down. I would also like to thank my family and friends for being very supportive while I was hard at work on adapting this book. You guys are the best!

Finally I want to thank Paulo Coelho for writing this work of art that makes clear what we all should know about life.

Never Give Up On Your Dreams.

Derek Ruiz

*Derek Ruiz*



# A Special Thank You

To:

*Paulo Coelho*

*Mônica R. Antunes*

*Gideon Weil*

*Joaquin Garcia*

*Giovani Kososki*

*Dave Lanphear*

*Silvia Ebens*

*Gemma Capdevila*

*Daniel Sampere*

*Fernando Leon*

*Romulo Soares and Lynx Studio*

*Shon C. Bury and Xavi Marturet of Space Goat Productions*

*Klebs Junior and Impacto Studio*

*Nelson Cosentino De Oliveira*

*Carlos Eduardo*

*Jake Bilbao*

*Ernst Dabel Sr.*

*Jorge Correa Jr*

*Mauricio Melo*

*Troy Peteri*

*Vitor Ishimura*

*Tony Kordos*

*Anderson Garcia*

*Kuo-Yu Liang*

*Waki*

*Josh Templeton*

*Mohan*

*IGF (Sunny Gho)*

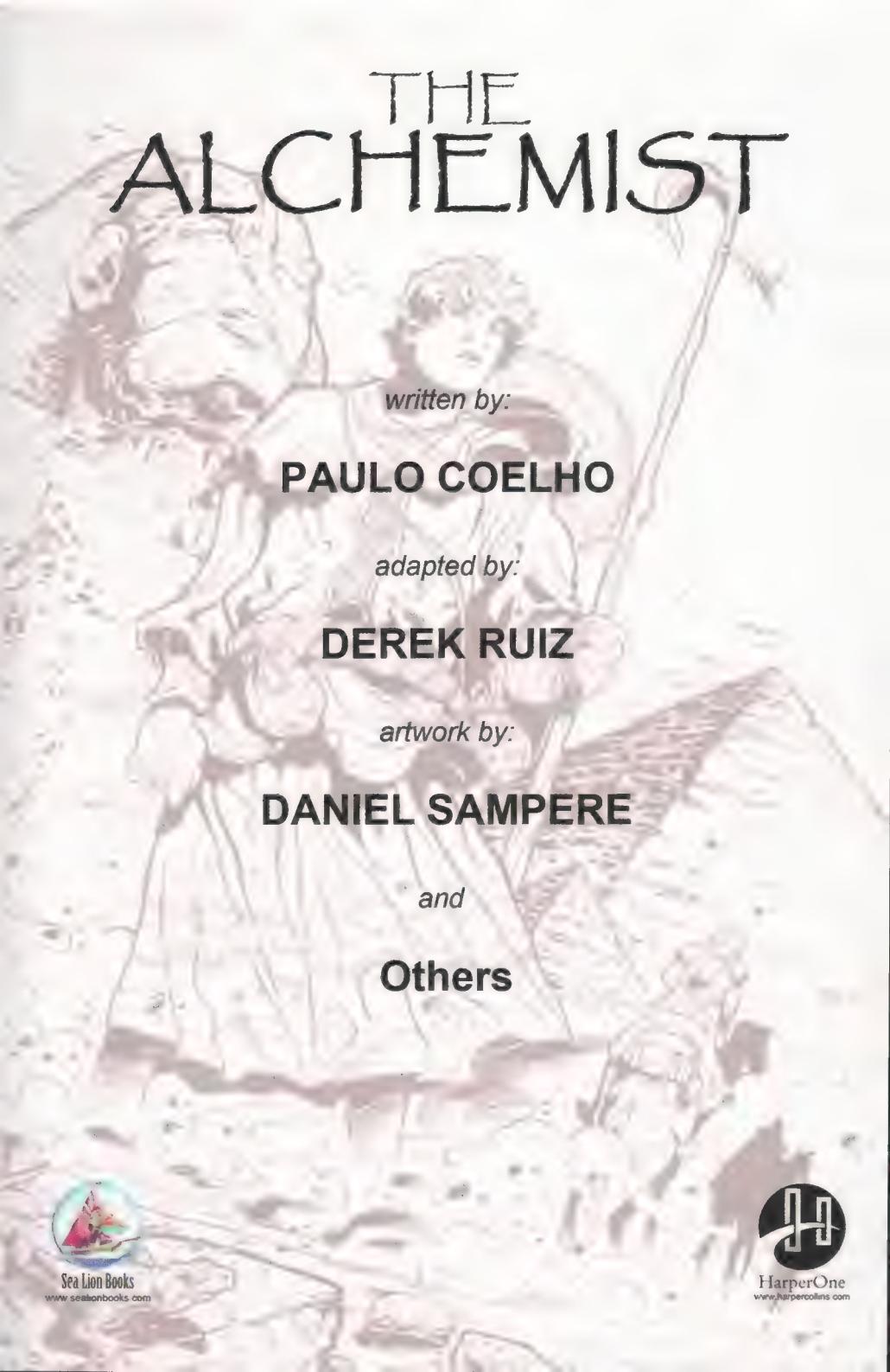
*Shefali*

*Bill Tortolini*

*Digikore*

*Izrael*

# THE ALCHEMIST



*written by:*

**PAULO COELHO**

*adapted by:*

**DEREK RUIZ**

*artwork by:*

**DANIEL SAMPERE**

*and*

**Others**





# The Al-Fayoum Oasis





YOU SEE,  
NARCISSUS WAS A  
BOY WHO KNELT BY  
A LAKE TO  
CONTEMPLATE HIS  
OWN BEAUTY.



HE WAS SO  
FASCINATED BY  
HIMSELF THAT  
ONE MORNING...



...HE FELL INTO  
THE LAKE...



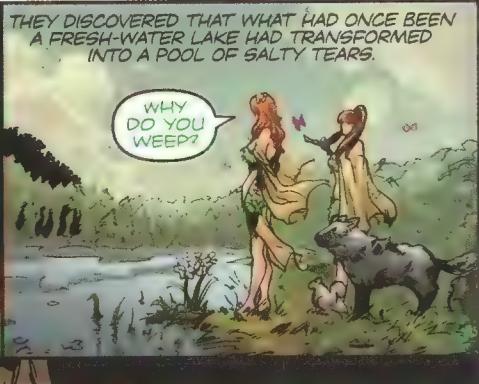
...AND  
DROWNED.

AT THE  
SPOT  
WHERE  
HE  
FELL--

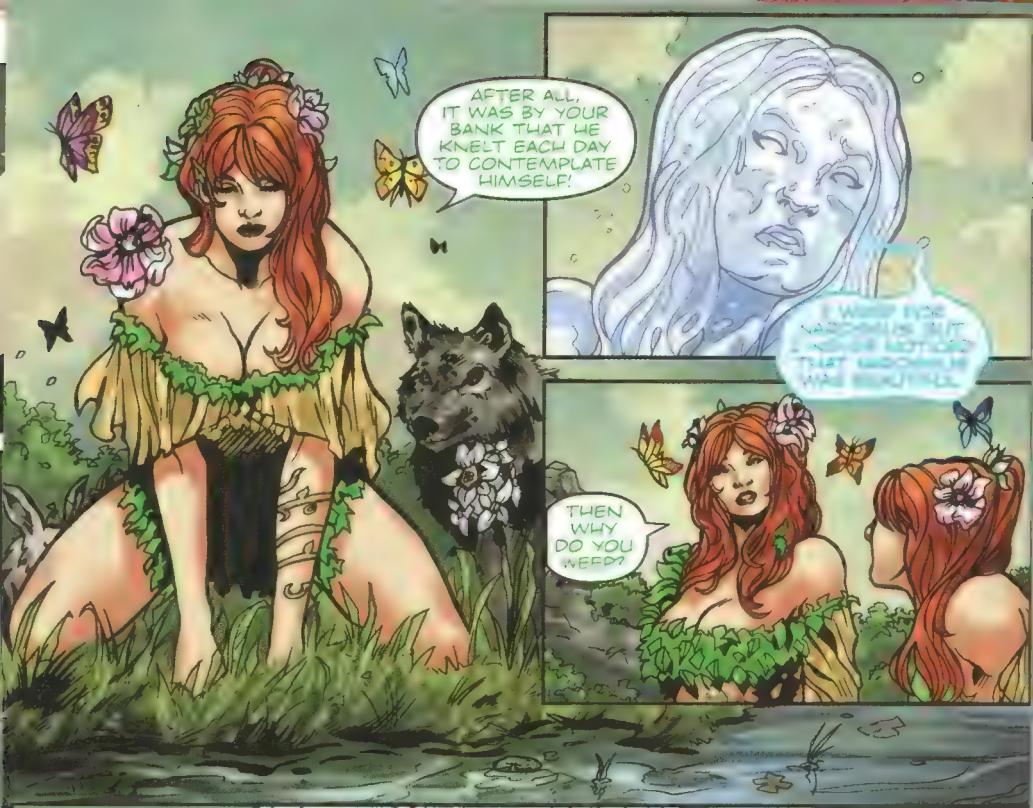


--A FLOWER WAS  
BORN, WHICH  
WAS FROM THEN  
ON CALLED THE  
NARCISSUS.











WHAT  
A LOVELY  
STORY.

# Andalusia Countryside, Spain

THE BOY'S NAME WAS SANTIAGO.

COME, MY FRIENDS, LET US REST WITHIN THE CHURCH TONIGHT.

THERE WERE NO WOLVES IN THE REGION.

WE DON'T WANT ANYONE WANDERING OFF IN THE DARK.

BUT IF AN ANIMAL STRAYED AWAY DURING THE NIGHT...

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LITTLE ONE?

BAH.

...AND THE BOY HAD TO SPEND THE ENTIRE NEXT DAY SEARCHING FOR IT.



Pages later...

I'M GOING  
TO HAVE TO START  
READING THICKER  
BOOKS.

The final

THEY LAST  
LONGER.

AND  
MAKE BETTER  
PILLOWS.

GOODNIGHT,  
MY FRIENDS.

Later







THE MERCHANT WAS THE PROPRIETOR OF A DRY GOODS SHOP, AND HE ALWAYS DEMANDED THAT THE SHEEP BE SHEARED IN HIS PRESENCE, SO THAT HE WOULD NOT BE CHEATED.

I WOULD LIKE TO SELL SOME WOOL.

IF YOU CAN COME BACK LATER WHEN THE SHOP IS LESS BUSY, I WILL TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR SHEEP.  
THE AFTERNOON MIGHT BE BEST.

YES, SIR.  
I SHALL RETURN THIS AFTERNOON.

MIGHT AS WELL CATCH UP ON SOME READING.

I DIDN'T KNOW SHEPHERDS KNEW HOW TO READ.

WELL...I...  
...UH.

WELL,  
USUALLY  
I LEARN MORE  
FROM MY SHEEP  
THAN FROM  
BOOKS.

THEY TALKED FOR TWO HOURS, AND SHE TOLD HIM SHE WAS THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, AND SPOKE OF LIFE IN THE VILLAGE, WHERE EACH DAY WAS LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.

SANTIAGO TOLD HER OF THE ANDALUSIAN COUNTRYSIDE, AND RELATED THE NEWS FROM THE OTHER TOWNS WHERE HE HAD STOPPED.

IT IS GOOD TO HAVE SOMEONE ELSE TO TALK TO BESIDES THE SHEEP.

I BET IT IS.

HOW DID YOU LEARN TO READ?

LIKE EVERYBODY LEARNS--  
-IN SCHOOL.

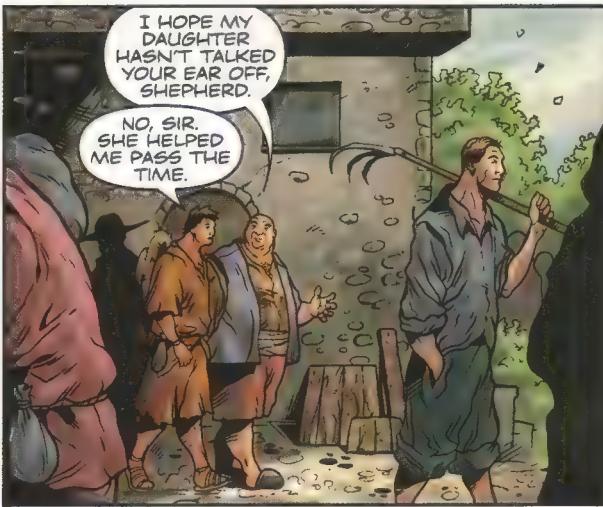
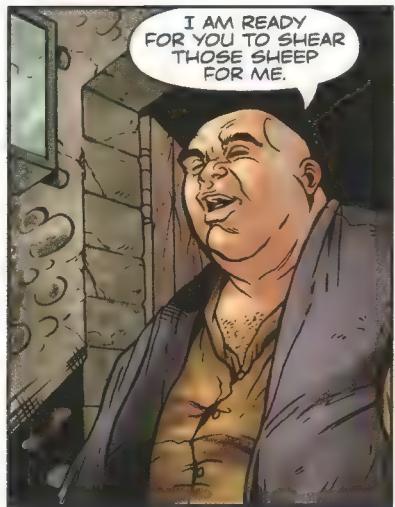
WELL, IF YOU KNOW HOW TO READ, WHY ARE YOU JUST A SHEPHERD?

I...UH... WELL...LET ME TELL YOU OF SOME OF MY TRAVELS.

AS THE TIME PASSED, THE BOY FOUND HIMSELF WISHING THAT THE DAY WOULD NEVER END, THAT HER FATHER WOULD STAY BUSY AND KEEP HIM WAITING FOR THREE DAYS.

HE RECOGNIZED THAT HE WAS FEELING SOMETHING HE HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE: THE DESIRE TO LIVE IN ONE PLACE FOREVER.

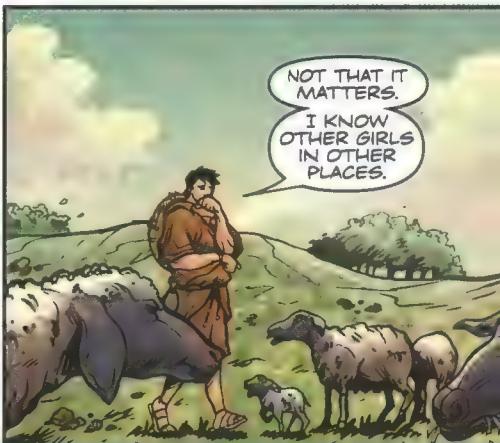
WITH THE GIRL WITH THE RAVEN HAIR, HIS DAYS WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.





A year  
passes...

FOUR  
MORE DAYS AND I'LL  
BE ABLE TO TALK TO THE  
MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER  
AGAIN.



THIS WAY, MY FRIENDS.

MY SHEEP NEVER HAVE TO MAKE ANY DECISIONS.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY ALWAYS STAY CLOSE TO ME.

THE ONLY THINGS THAT CONCERN THEM ARE FOOD AND WATER.

AS LONG AS I KNOW HOW TO FIND THE BEST PASTURES IN ANDALUSIA, THEY'LL BE MY FRIENDS.

TRUE, THE DAYS ARE OFTEN ALL THE SAME, WITH ENDLESS HOURS BETWEEN DAYLIGHT AND DUSK, AND MY SHEEP NEVER READ BOOKS OR UNDERSTAND ME WHEN I TELL THEM ABOUT THE PLACES WE'VE BEEN.

THEY ARE CONTENT SO LONG AS THEY HAVE FOOD AND WATER, AND IN EXCHANGE THEY GIVE ME THEIR WOOL, THEIR COMPANY AND-- ONCE IN A WHILE-- THEIR MEAT.



WHAT IF  
I BECAME  
A MONSTER  
TODAY....



...AND DECIDED  
TO KILL THEM?



"WOULD THEY EVEN  
KNOW WHAT WAS  
HAPPENING?"

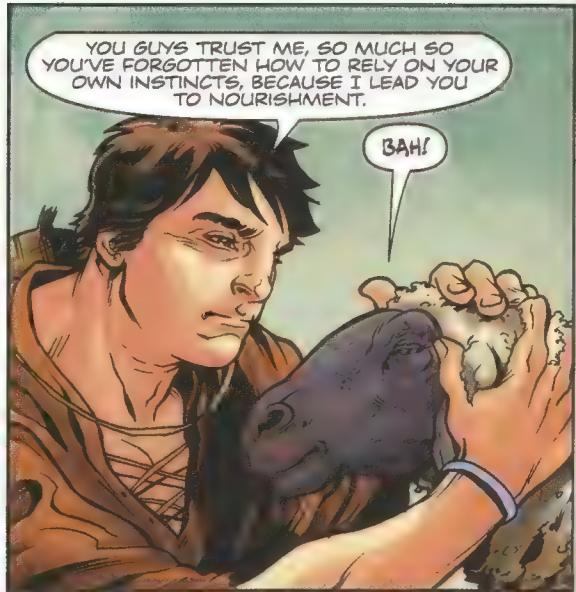
"THEY WOULD  
ONLY BECOME  
AWARE WHEN  
MOST OF THE  
FLOCK HAD BEEN  
SLAUGHTERED."

BAHH?!

BAH!!

BAAH?!

THUD  
THUD





Two years  
earlier

PEOPLE  
FROM ALL OVER  
THE WORLD HAVE PASSED  
THROUGH THIS VILLAGE,  
SON.

THEY  
COME IN SEARCH  
OF NEW THINGS,  
BUT THEY LEAVE  
THE SAME AS  
WHEN THEY  
ARRIVED.

THEY  
CLIMB THE  
MOUNTAINS TO  
SEE THE CASTLE,  
AND THEY WIND  
UP THINKING THE  
PAST WAS BETTER  
THAN WHAT WE  
HAVE NOW.

THEY HAVE  
BLOND HAIR, OR DARK  
SKIN, BUT BASICALLY  
THEY'RE THE SAME AS  
THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE  
RIGHT HERE.

BUT I'D  
LIKE TO SEE THE  
CASTLES IN THE  
TOWNS WHERE  
THEY LIVE.

THE PEOPLE  
WHO COME HERE HAVE  
A LOT OF MONEY AND  
CAN AFFORD  
TO TRAVEL.

AMONGST US,  
THE ONLY ONES  
WHO TRAVEL ARE  
SHEPHERDS.

WELL,  
THEN I'LL BE A  
SHEPHERD!

AT THAT, MY FATHER FELL  
SILENT. IT WASN'T UNTIL  
THE NEXT DAY THAT I  
KNEW WHAT HE THOUGHT.



IN HIS EYES,  
I COULD SEE  
MY FATHER'S  
DESIRE TO  
TRAVEL THE  
WORLD.

IT WAS A DESIRE STILL ALIVE,  
THOUGH ONE HE BURIED FOR  
THE SAKE OF HIS STRUGGLE  
FOR FOOD AND WATER AND  
SHELTER.

I FOUND THIS  
IN THE FIELDS ONE DAY.  
I WANTED IT TO BE YOUR  
INHERITANCE.



BUT USE  
THEM TO BUY  
YOUR FLOCK.



TAKE TO  
THE FIELDS, AND  
SOMEDAY YOU'LL LEARN  
THAT OUR COUNTRYSIDE  
IS THE BEST AND OUR  
WOMEN THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL.

THANK YOU,  
FATHER.



HE GAVE ME HIS  
BLESSING, AND I WAS ON  
MY WAY TO BEGINNING A  
LIFE AS A SHEPHERD.







YOU CAME  
SO THAT YOU  
COULD LEARN ABOUT  
YOUR DREAMS.

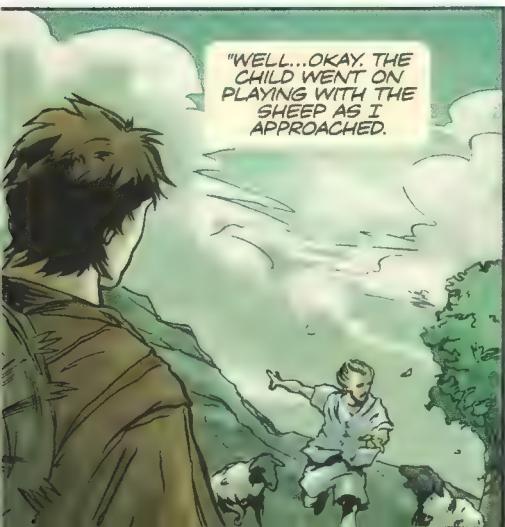
DREAMS  
ARE THE LANGUAGE  
OF GOD. WHEN HE SPEAKS  
IN OUR LANGUAGE, I CAN  
INTERPRET WHAT HE  
HAS SAID.

BUT IF HE  
SPEAKS IN THE  
LANGUAGE OF THE  
SOUL, IT IS ONLY  
YOU WHO CAN  
UNDERSTAND

BUT,  
WHICHEVER IT IS,  
I'M GOING TO CHARGE  
YOU FOR THE  
CONSULTATION.

COULD  
THIS BE A TRICK?  
I MUST TAKE  
THE CHANCE.

I HAVE  
HAD THE SAME  
DREAM TWICE



“...TO A STRANGE  
AND FARAWAY  
PLACE, THE  
PYRAMIDS OF  
EGYPT.



“POINTING UP AT THE STRUCTURES,  
THE CHILD SAID...”



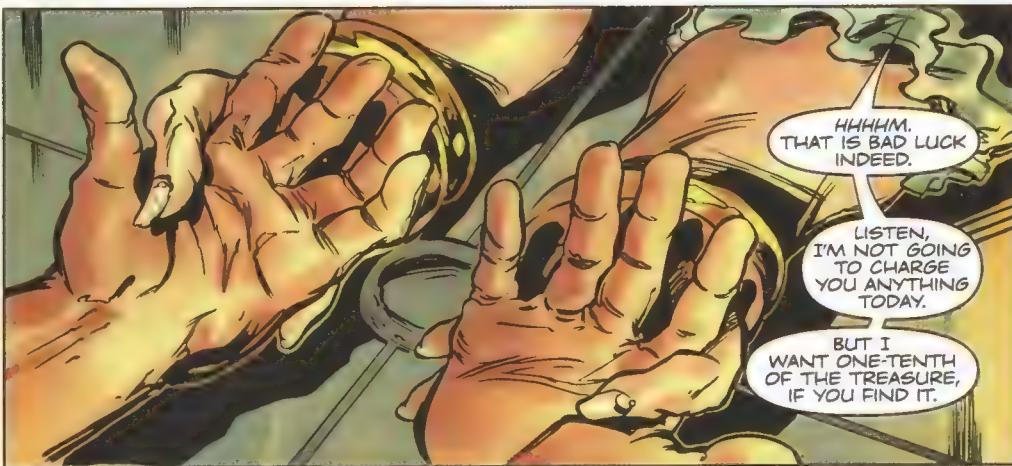
BUT I ALWAYS WAKE UP  
JUST BEFORE SHE TELLS  
ME WHERE TO  
LOOK.

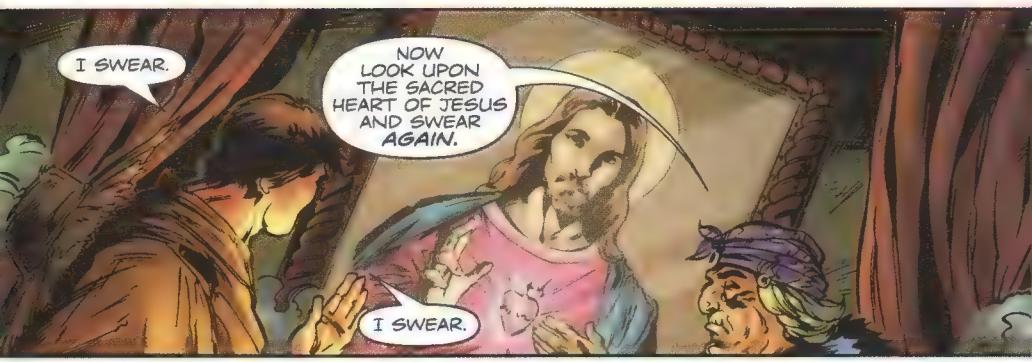


“HUUHUM.  
THAT IS BAD LUCK  
INDEED.

“LISTEN,  
I'M NOT GOING  
TO CHARGE  
YOU ANYTHING  
TODAY.

“BUT I  
WANT ONE-TENTH  
OF THE TREASURE,  
IF YOU FIND IT.







THIS IS MY  
INTERPRETATION:  
YOU MUST GO  
TO THE PYRAMIDS  
IN EGYPT.

I HAVE NEVER  
HEARD OF THEM,  
BUT IF IT WAS A  
CHILD WHO SHOWED  
THEM TO YOU,  
THEY EXIST.

THERE  
YOU WILL FIND  
A TREASURE THAT  
WILL MAKE YOU A  
RICH MAN.



THAT'S IT?  
I'M CERTAINLY  
GLAD THIS  
SESSION IS  
FREE.

I TOLD  
YOU IT WOULDN'T  
BE EASY. IT'S THE  
SIMPLE THINGS IN LIFE  
THAT ARE THE MOST  
EXTRAORDINARY.

ONLY WISE  
MEN ARE MEANT  
TO UNDERSTAND  
THEM.



HOW AM I  
SUPPOSED TO GET  
TO EGYPT?



I ONLY  
INTERPRET DREAMS.  
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO  
MAKE THEM INTO  
A REALITY.

WHAT IF I  
NEVER GO TO  
EGYPT?

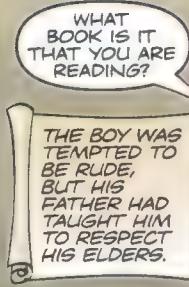
I DON'T  
GET PAID.



IT  
WOULDN'T  
BE THE FIRST  
TIME.



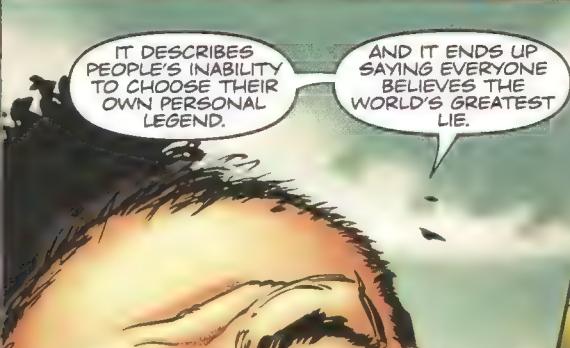




SO HE HELD OUT THE BOOK FOR TWO REASONS.

ONE, HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO PRONOUNCE THE TITLE.



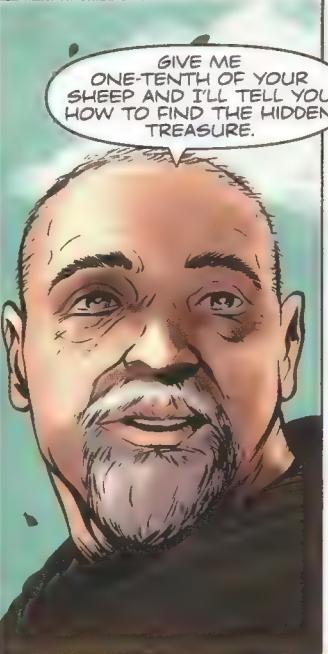


...THAT AT A  
CERTAIN POINT IN  
OUR LIVES, WE LOSE  
CONTROL OF WHAT'S  
HAPPENING TO US, AND  
OUR LIVES BECOME  
CONTROLLED  
BY FATE.









GIVE ME  
ONE-TENTH OF YOUR  
SHEEP AND I'LL TELL YOU  
HOW TO FIND THE HIDDEN  
TREASURE.



THE BOY  
REMEMBERED  
HIS DREAM, AND  
EVERYTHING WAS  
CLEAR TO HIM.



THE OLD FORTUNE TELLER  
HADN'T CHARGED HIM BUT  
MAYBE THE OLD MAN WAS  
HER HUSBAND. HE WOULD  
TRY AND GET MORE MONEY  
IN EXCHANGE FOR INFORMATION  
ON SOMETHING THAT  
DIDN'T EXIST.



AS THE MAN STOOD,  
SOMETHING BRIGHT  
FROM HIS CHEST  
MOMENTARILY  
BLINDED THE BOY.



AH!



BUT LET'S SAY THAT THE MOST IMPORTANT IS THAT YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED IN DISCOVERING YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND.

PERSONAL LEGEND?

IT IS WHAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO ACCOMPLISH. EVERYONE, WHEN THEY ARE YOUNG, KNOWS WHAT THEIR PERSONAL LEGEND IS. AT THAT POINT IN THEIR LIVES, EVERYTHING IS CLEAR AND EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

NONE OF WHAT THE OLD MAN WAS SAYING MADE MUCH SENSE TO THE BOY.

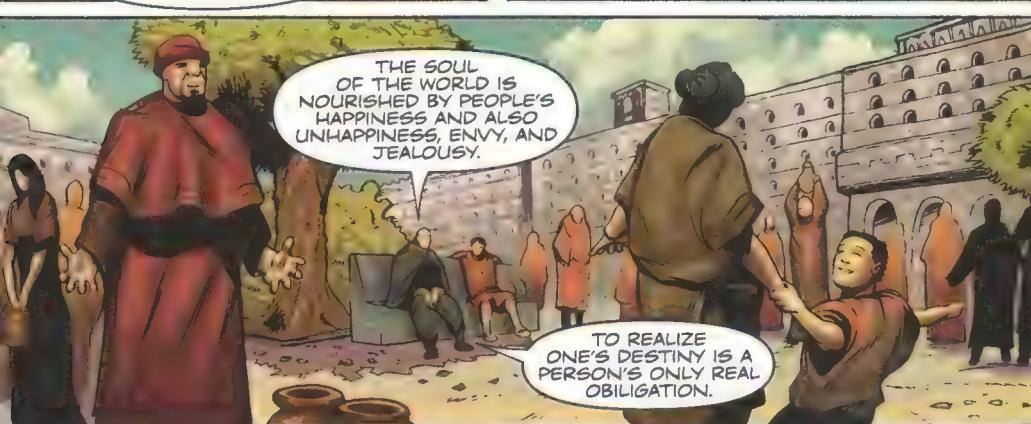
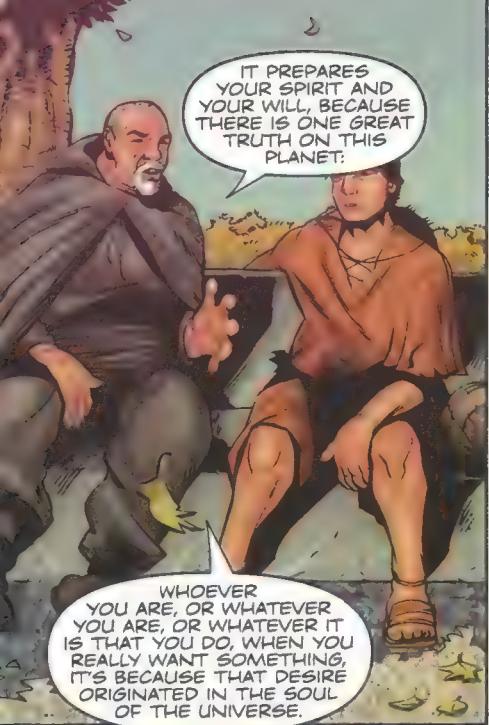
BUT HE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THE "MYSTERIOUS FORCE" WAS.

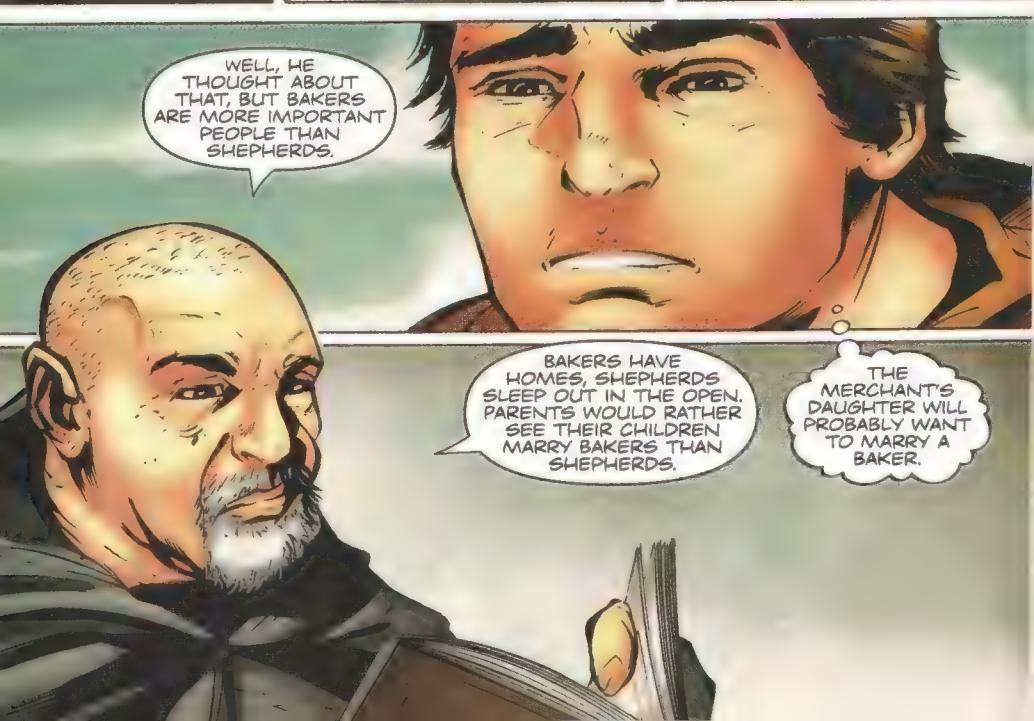
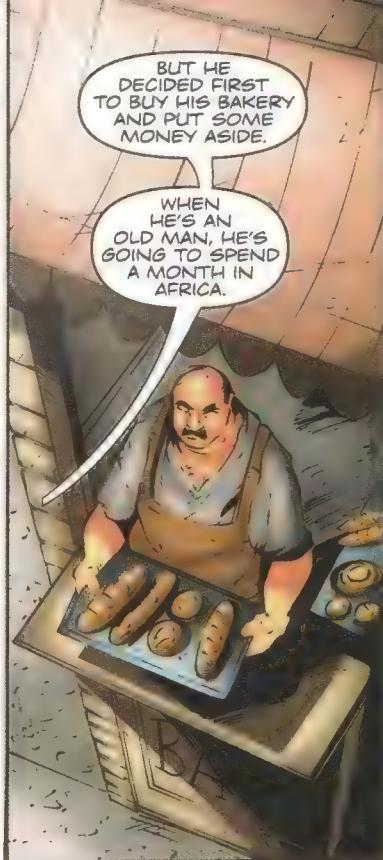
THEY ARE NOT AFRAID TO DREAM, AND TO YEARN FOR EVERYTHING THEY WOULD LIKE TO SEE HAPPEN TO THEM IN THEIR LIVES. BUT, AS TIME PASSES, A MYSTERIOUS FORCE BEGINS TO CONVINCE THEM THAT IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO REALIZE THEIR PERSONAL LEGEND.

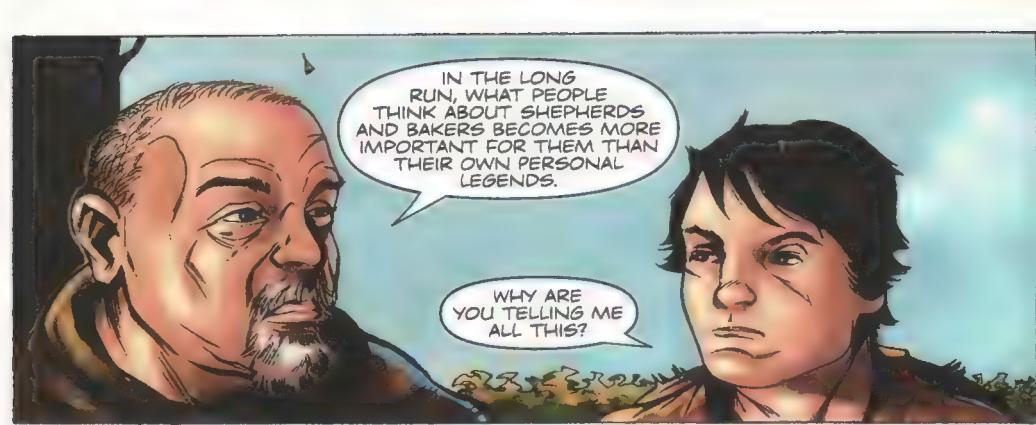
--BUT ACTUALLY SHOWS YOU HOW TO REALIZE YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND.

IT'S A FORCE THAT APPEARS TO BE NEGATIVE--  
THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER WILL BE IMPRESSED BY ALL THE KING HAS TOLD ME SO FAR WHEN I SPEAK WITH HER.



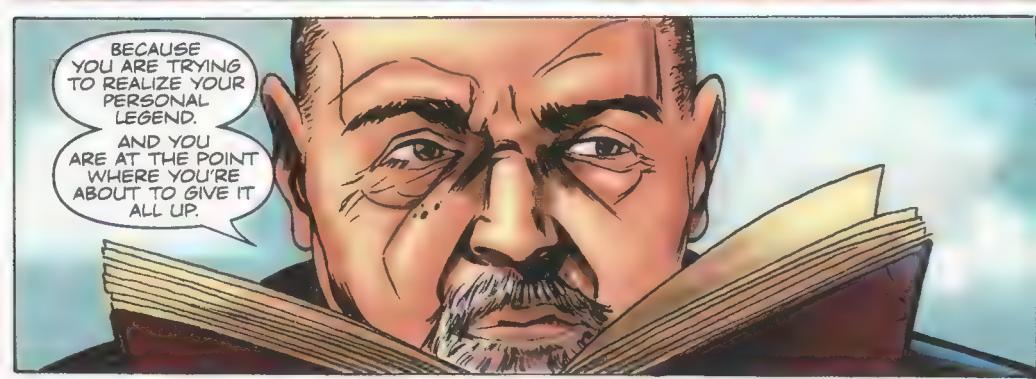






IN THE LONG  
RUN, WHAT PEOPLE  
THINK ABOUT SHEPHERDS  
AND BAKERS BECOMES MORE  
IMPORTANT FOR THEM THAN  
THEIR OWN PERSONAL  
LEGENDS.

WHY ARE  
YOU TELLING ME  
ALL THIS?



BECAUSE  
YOU ARE TRYING  
TO REALIZE YOUR  
PERSONAL  
LEGEND.

AND YOU  
ARE AT THE POINT  
WHERE YOU'RE  
ABOUT TO GIVE IT  
ALL UP.

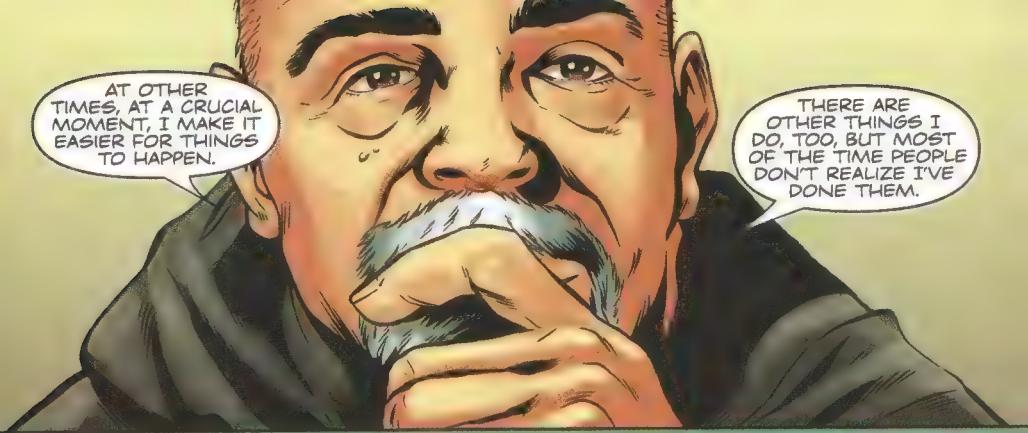


AND THAT'S  
WHEN YOU ALWAYS  
APPEAR ON THE  
SCENE?



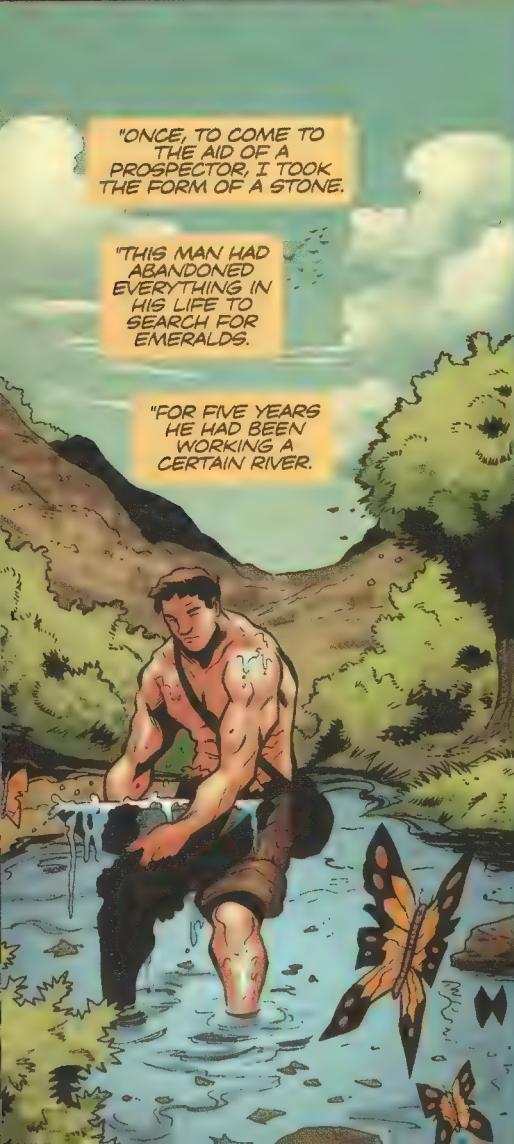
NOT  
ALWAYS  
IN THIS WAY,  
BUT I ALWAYS  
APPEAR IN ONE  
FORM OR  
ANOTHER.

SOMETIMES  
I APPEAR IN  
THE FORM OF A  
SOLUTION,  
OR A GOOD  
IDEA.



AT OTHER TIMES, AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT, I MAKE IT EASIER FOR THINGS TO HAPPEN.

THERE ARE OTHER THINGS I DO, TOO, BUT MOST OF THE TIME PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE I'VE DONE THEM.



"ONCE, TO COME TO THE AID OF A PROSPECTOR, I TOOK THE FORM OF A STONE.

"THIS MAN HAD ABANDONED EVERYTHING IN HIS LIFE TO SEARCH FOR EMERALDS.

"FOR FIVE YEARS HE HAD BEEN WORKING A CERTAIN RIVER.



"HE HAD EXAMINED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF STONES LOOKING FOR EMERALDS.



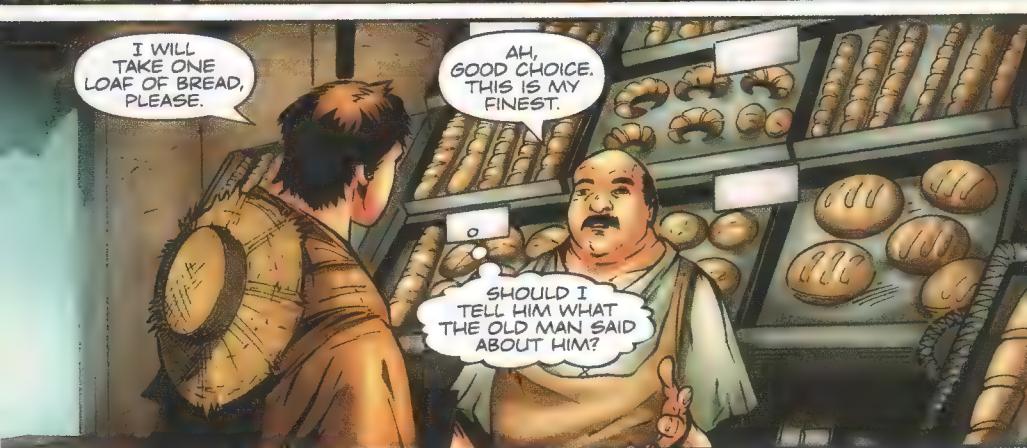
"AND HE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP... JUST AS HE WAS ONLY A STONE AWAY FROM FINDING HIS PRIZE.



"SO I TRANSFORMED MYSELF INTO THE STONE AND ROLLED ONTO HIS FOOT!"









IN TWO YEARS HE HAD LEARNED EVERYTHING ABOUT SHEPHERDING: HE KNEW HOW TO SHEAR SHEEP, HOW TO CARE FOR PREGNANT EWES AND HOW TO PROTECT THE SHEEP FROM WOLVES.

HE KNEW ALL THE FIELDS AND PASTURES OF ANDALUSIA. AND HE KNEW WHAT WAS THE FAIR PRICE FOR EVERY ONE OF HIS ANIMALS.



BEYOND THE CITY AND OVER THE WATER IS AFRICA. I CAN ALMOST SEE IT IN THE DISTANCE.

I HAVE BEEN TOLD THE MOORS CAME TO OCCUPY ALL OF SPAIN.

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

I'VE GROWN SO ATTACHED TO MY SHEEP - HOW CAN I JUST GIVE THEM AWAY OR SELL THEM?



THE WIND BEGAN TO PICK UP.  
HE KNEW THAT WIND: THE  
PEOPLE HERE NAMED IT THE  
LEVANTER, BECAUSE THE  
MOORS FROM LEVANT HAD  
COME TO SPAIN ON IT.

I AM HERE  
BETWEEN MY  
FLOCK AND MY  
TREASURE.

I LEFT MY  
FATHER, MY MOTHER,  
AND THE TOWN  
CASTLE BEHIND. THEY  
HAVE GOTTEN USED  
TO MY BEING AWAY,  
AND SO HAVE I. THE  
SHEEP CAN GET USED  
TO ME NOT BEING  
THERE, TOO.



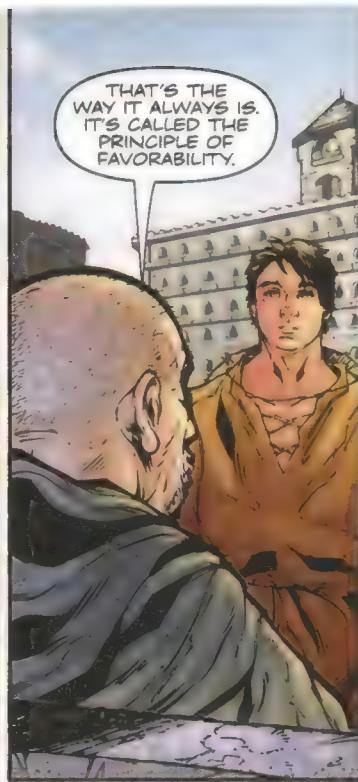
"THE MERCHANT'S  
DAUGHTER PROBABLY  
DOESN'T EVEN  
REMEMBER ME."

THAT  
BAKER...



THE SHEEP, THE  
MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER,  
AND THE FIELDS OF  
ANDALUSIA WERE ONLY  
STEPS ALONG THE WAY TO  
MY PERSONAL LEGEND.

I KNOW  
WHAT I MUST  
DO.



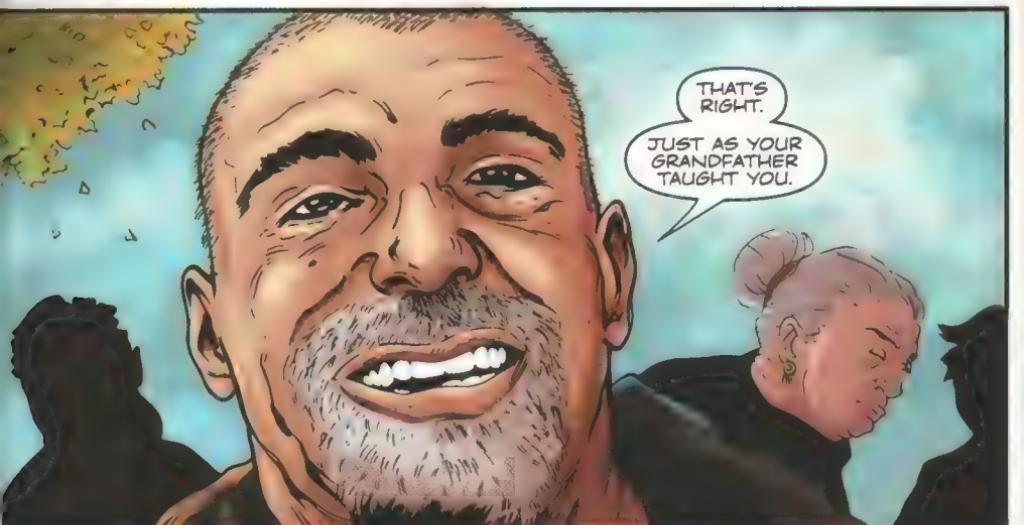




YOU JUST  
HAVE TO READ  
THE OMENS  
THAT HE LEFT  
FOR YOU.



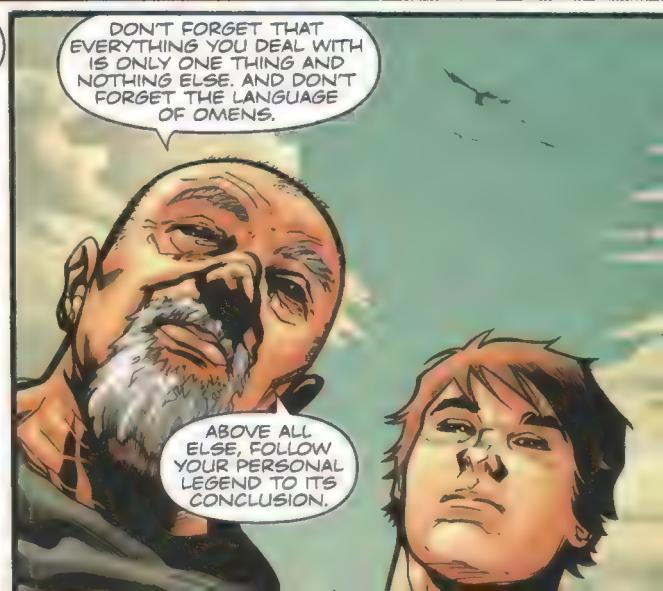
THE BUTTERFLY TRIGGERED A  
MEMORY OF THE BOY'S GRAND-  
FATHER. THE OLD MAN HAD ONCE  
TOLD HIM THAT BUTTERFLIES  
WERE GOOD OMENS, LIKE CRICKETS  
AND GRASSHOPPERS, LIKE LIZARDS  
AND FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS.



THAT'S  
RIGHT.

JUST AS YOUR  
GRANDFATHER  
TAUGHT YOU.

THESE  
ARE GOOD  
OMENS.



"BEFORE I GO, I  
WANT TO TELL YOU  
A LITTLE STORY."

"A CERTAIN SHOPKEEPER  
SENT HIS SON TO LEARN  
ABOUT THE SECRET OF  
HAPPINESS FROM THE  
WISEST MAN IN THE  
WORLD."

"YOU MUST  
WALK THROUGH  
THE DESERT FOR  
MANY DAYS BEFORE  
YOU REACH THE  
HOME OF THE  
WISE MAN."

"GO AND  
LEARN ALL YOU  
CAN ABOUT  
HAPPINESS."

"I WILL,  
FATHER."

"THE LAD  
WANDERED  
THROUGH THE  
DESERT FOR  
FORTY DAYS..."

"...AND FINALLY CAME  
UPON A BEAUTIFUL  
CASTLE, HIGH ATOP  
A MOUNTAIN."

"FINALLY!"

"IT WAS THERE  
THAT THE WISE  
MAN LIVED."

"RATHER THAN FINDING A SAINTLY MAN, THOUGH, OUR HERO, ON ENTERING THE MAIN ROOM OF THE CASTLE, SAW A HIVE OF ACTIVITY:

"TRADESMEN CAME AND WENT, PEOPLE WERE CONVERSING IN THE CORNERS, A SMALL ORCHESTRA WAS PLAYING SOFT MUSIC, AND THERE WAS A TABLE COVERED WITH PLATTERS OF THE MOST DELICIOUS FOOD IN THAT PART OF THE WORLD."





"THE WISE MAN CONVERSED WITH EVERYONE AND THE BOY HAD TO WAIT FOR TWO HOURS BEFORE IT WAS HIS TURN TO BE GIVEN THE MAN'S ATTENTION."



"SO THE BOY BEGAN CLIMBING AND DESCENDING THE MANY STAIRWAYS OF THE PALACE."



"AS HE WALKED FROM ROOM TO ROOM..."



"...AND PLACE TO PLACE..."



"...THE BOY KEPT HIS EYES ON THE SPOON AND THE OIL."



"AFTER TWO HOURS, HE RETURNED TO THE ROOM WHERE THE WISE MAN WAS."

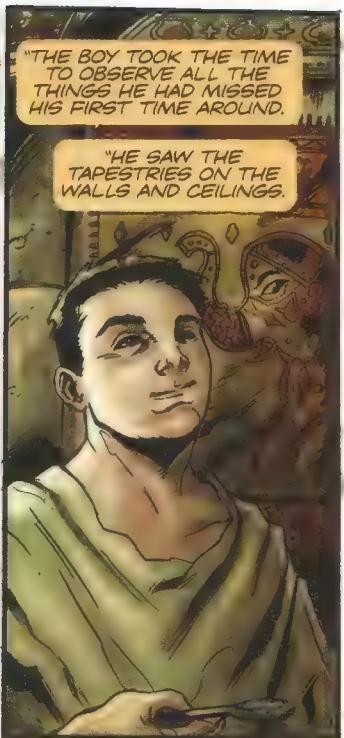


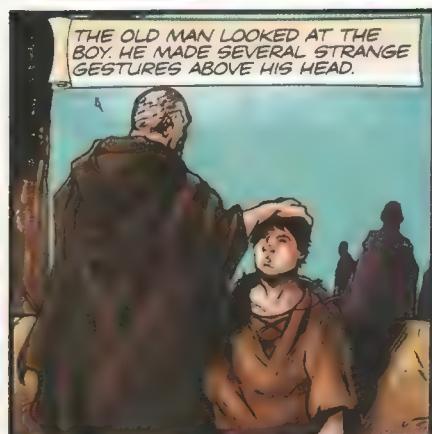
"WELL?"

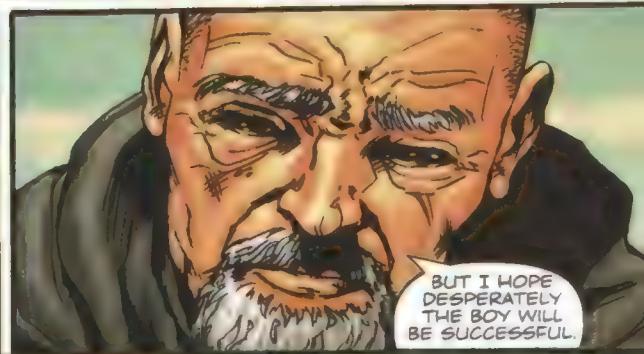
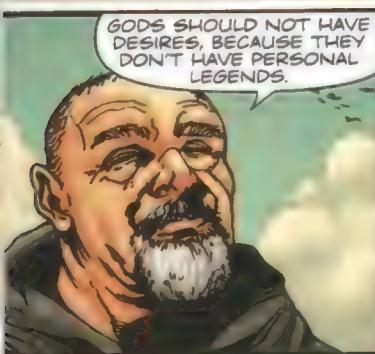
Did you see the Persian tapestries that are hanging in my dying hall?

DID YOU SEE THE GARDEN THAT IT TOOK THE MASTER GARDENER TEN YEARS TO CREATE?









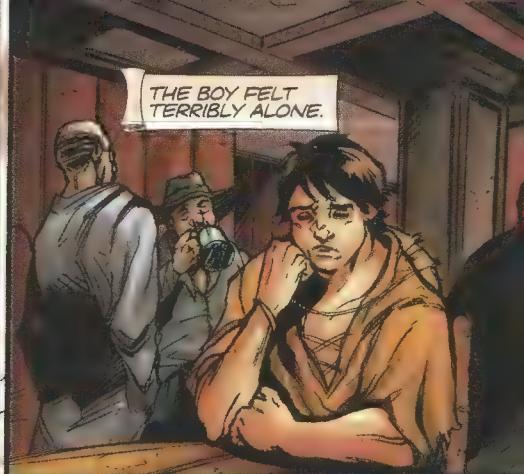
Hours later  
The city of Tangier in Africa

AFRICA  
IS VERY  
STRANGE.

IN JUST A FEW  
HOURS, I HAVE SEEN MEN  
WALKING HAND-IN-HAND, WOMEN  
WITH THEIR FACES COVERED, AND  
PRIESTS WHO CLIMBED TO THE  
TOPS OF TOWERS TO CHANT—  
EVEN AS EVERYONE ABOUT THEM  
DROPPED TO THEIR KNEES AND  
PLACED THEIR FOREHEADS  
ON THE GROUND.



A PRACTICE OF INFIDELS.



THE BOY FELT TERRIBLY ALONE.



IN THE RUSH TO START HIS JOURNEY, THE BOY HAD FORGOTTEN A DETAIL. JUST ONE DETAIL, WHICH COULD KEEP HIM FROM HIS TREASURE FOR A LONG TIME: ONLY ARABIC IS SPOKEN IN THIS COUNTRY.



«MY FRIEND, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?»



«UH? UH... I DON'T SPEAK ARABIC....»



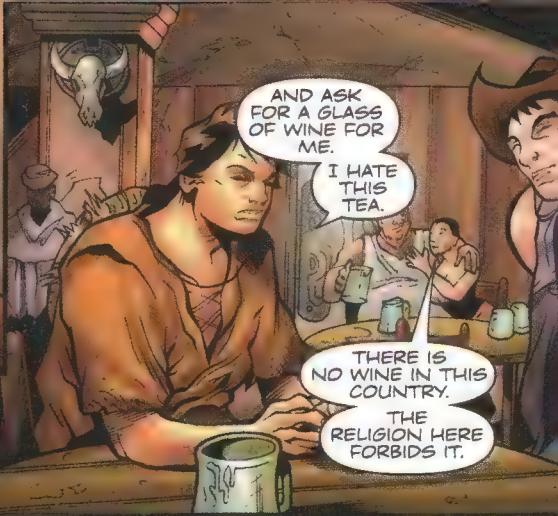
«UH... I'D LIKE TO HAVE WHAT THEY ARE HAVING.»



«AH, TEA? HERE YOU GO!»

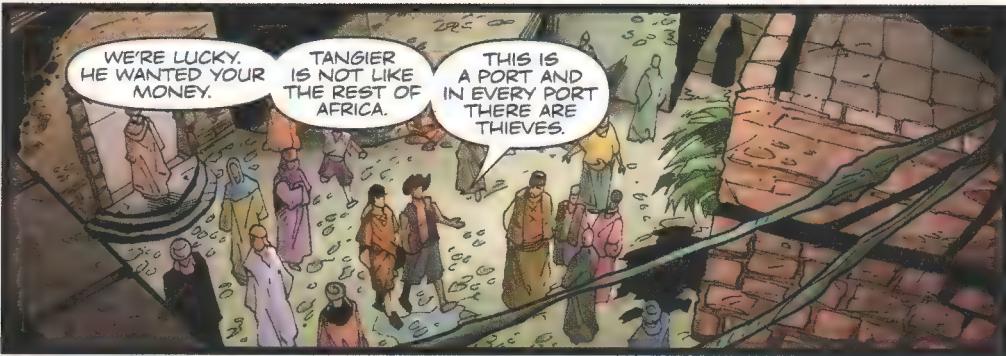












THERE WERE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE LARGE PLAZA WHERE THE MARKET WAS HELD.

EVERWHERE THE BOY LOOKED THERE WERE STALLS WITH ITEMS FOR SALE.

PEOPLE ARGUED AND HAGGLED OVER THE PRICE OF VEGETABLES, DAGGERS, AND CARPETS.

AMAZING!





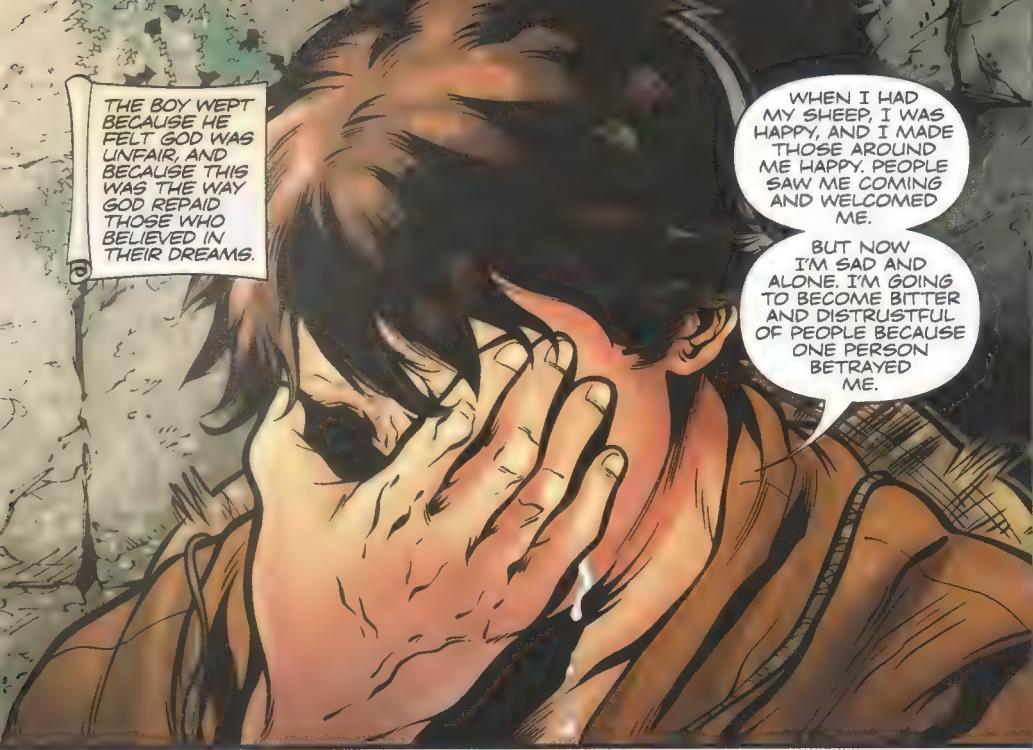


MAYBE  
WE GOT  
SEPARATED BY  
ACCIDENT.

I SHOULD  
JUST WAIT RIGHT  
HERE FOR HIS  
RETURN.



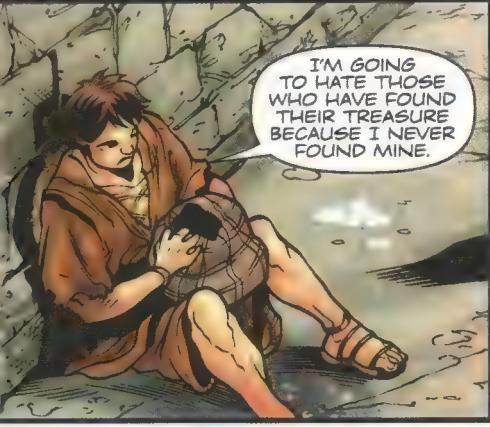




THE BOY WEPT  
BECAUSE HE  
FELT GOD WAS  
UNFAIR, AND  
BECAUSE THIS  
WAS THE WAY  
GOD REPAYED  
THOSE WHO  
BELIEVED IN  
THEIR DREAMS.

WHEN I HAD  
MY SHEEP, I WAS  
HAPPY, AND I MADE  
THOSE AROUND  
ME HAPPY. PEOPLE  
SAW ME COMING  
AND WELCOMED  
ME.

BUT NOW  
I'M SAD AND  
ALONE. I'M GOING  
TO BECOME BITTER  
AND DISTRUSTFUL  
OF PEOPLE BECAUSE  
ONE PERSON  
BETRAYED  
ME.



I'M GOING  
TO HATE THOSE  
WHO HAVE FOUND  
THEIR TREASURE  
BECAUSE I NEVER  
FOUND MINE.



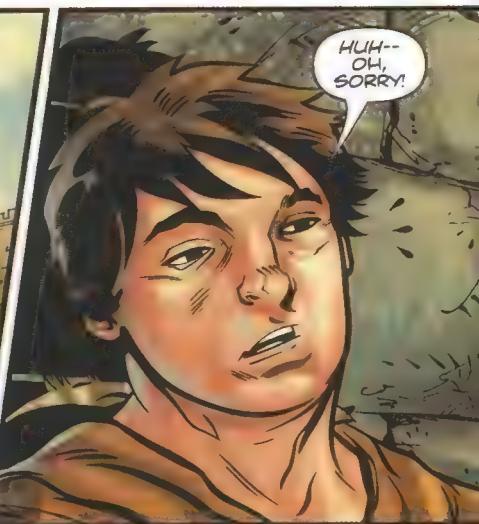
AND I'M  
GOING TO  
HOLD ON TO  
WHAT LITTLE I  
HAVE, BECAUSE  
I'M TOO  
INSIGNIFICANT  
TO CONQUER  
THE WORLD.

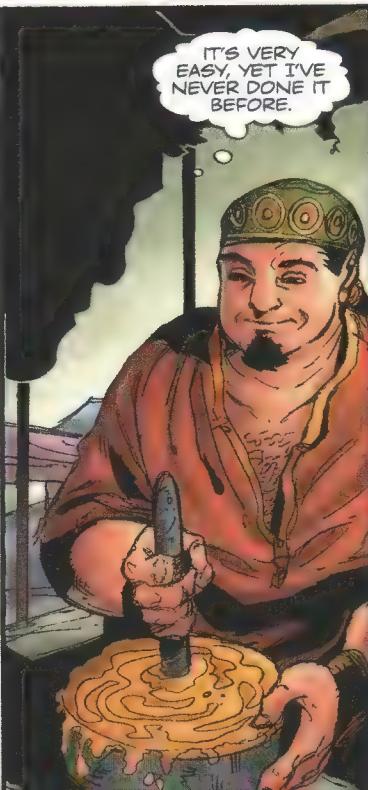
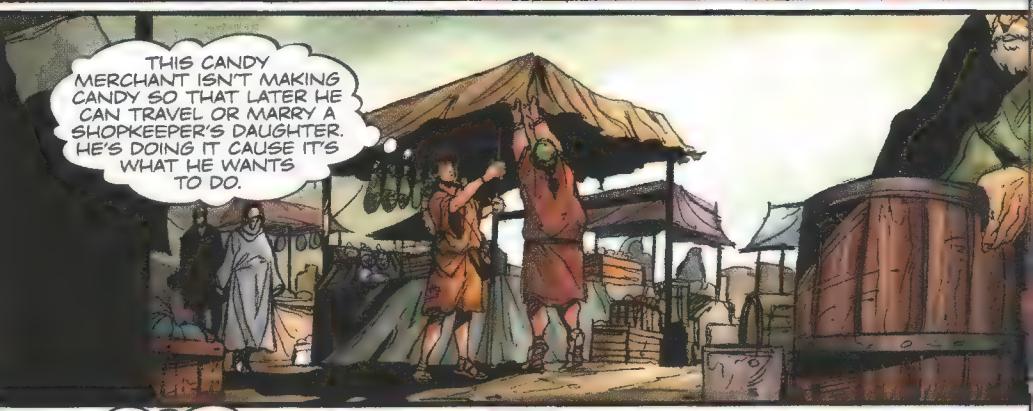


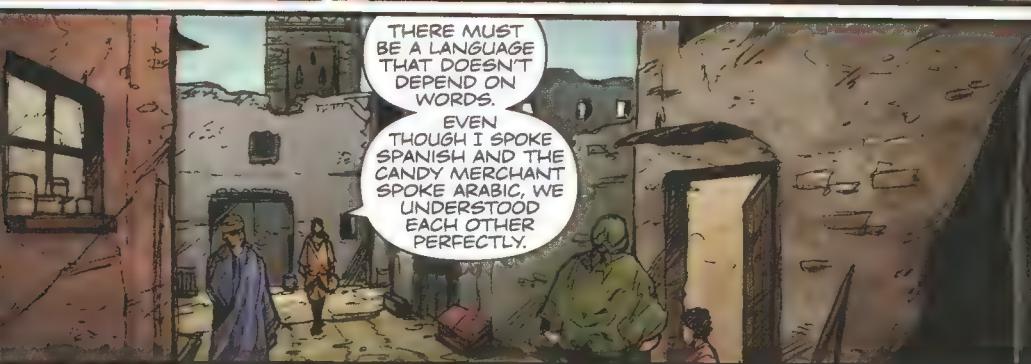
THIS IS  
ALL I OWN  
IN THE  
WORLD.





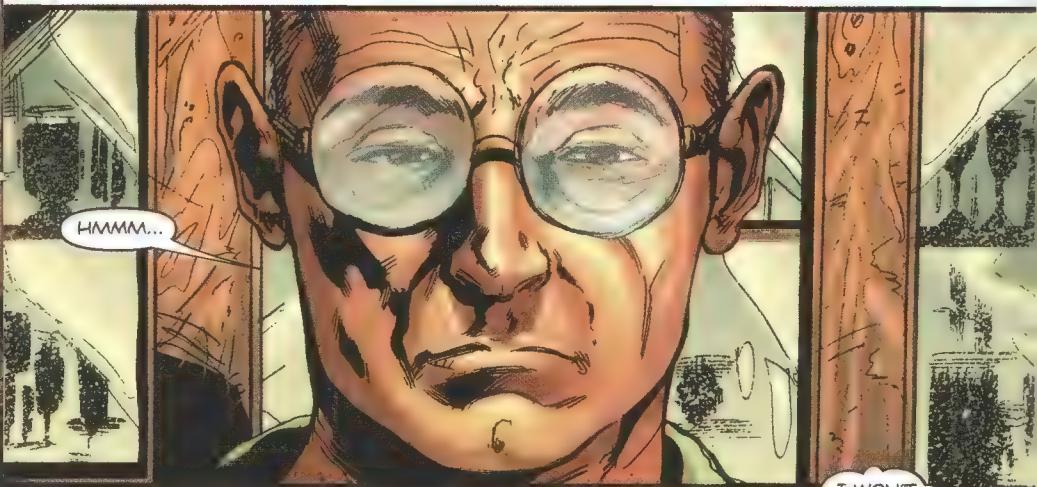
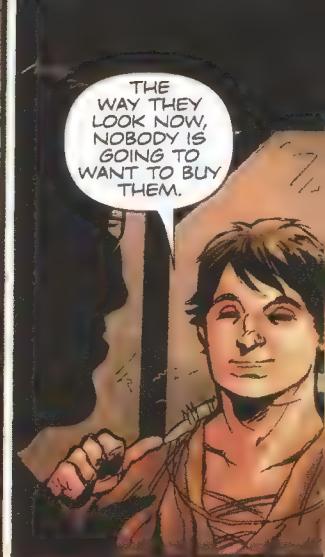




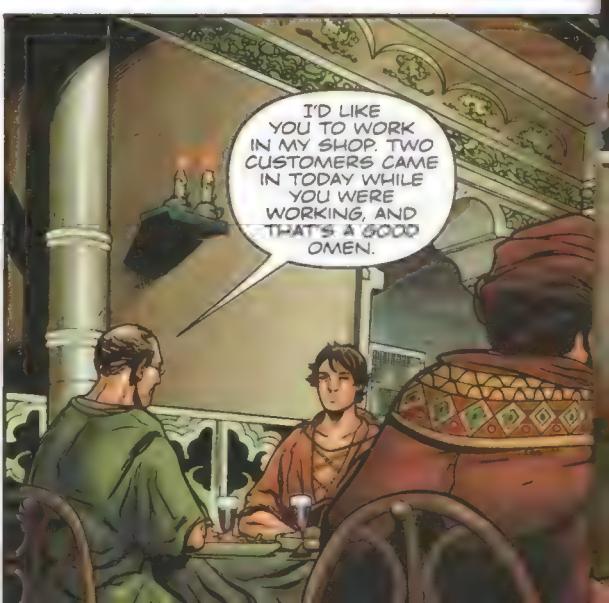


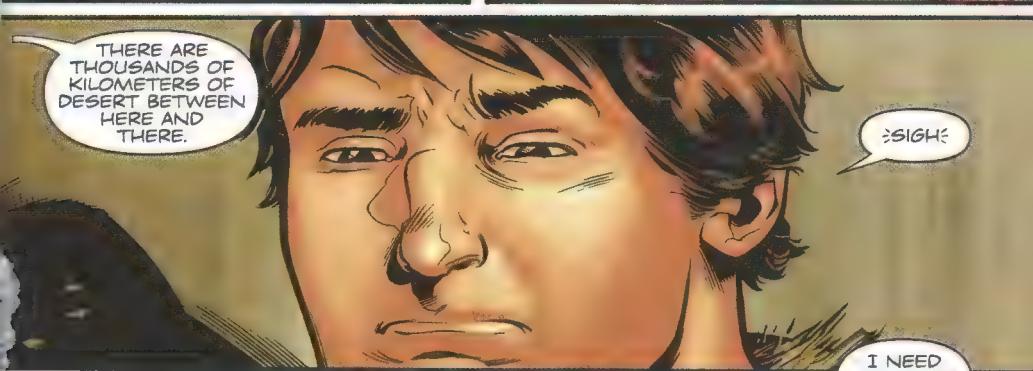
# The crystal merchant's shop





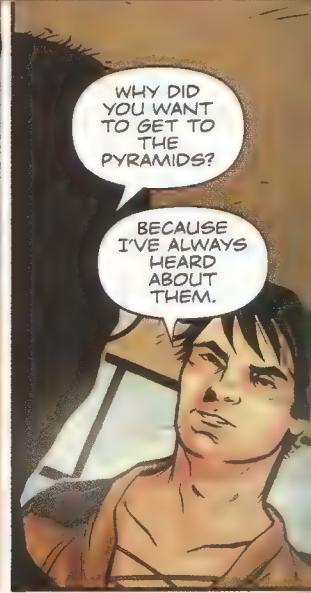
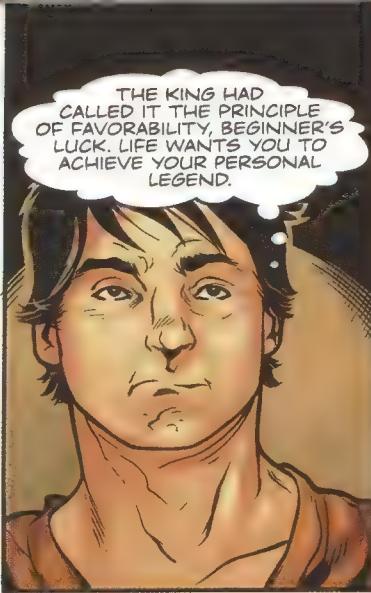








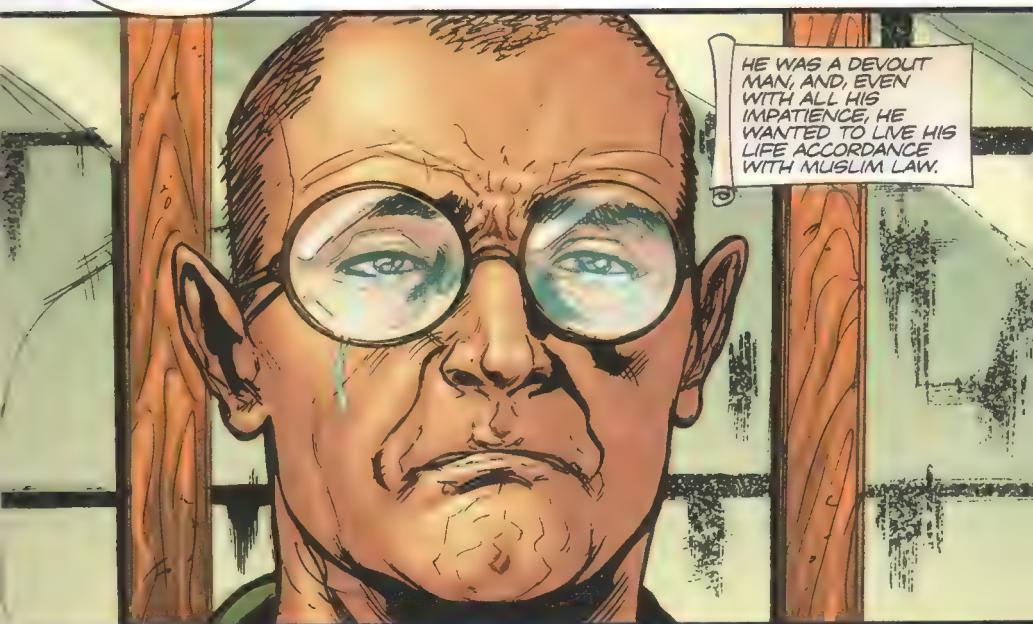
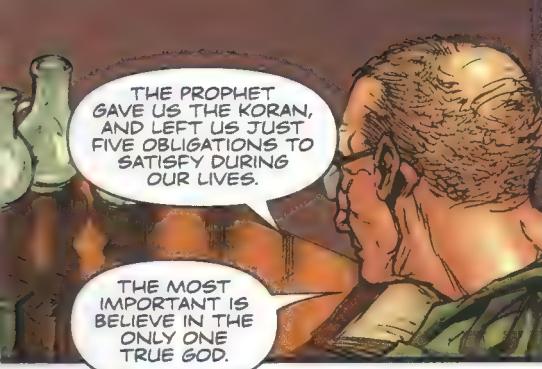






Two days later.







MECCA IS  
A LOT FARTHER  
AWAY THAN THE  
PYRAMIDS.

WHEN I WAS  
YOUNG ALL I WANTED  
TO DO WAS PUT  
TOGETHER ENOUGH  
MONEY TO START  
THIS SHOP.



I THOUGHT  
SOMEDAY I  
WOULD BE RICH  
AND WOULD GO  
TO MECCA.

I MADE  
MONEY BUT I  
COULD NEVER  
LEAVE  
SOMEONE IN  
CHARGE OF THE  
SHOP;  
CRYSTALS ARE  
DELICATE  
THINGS.



I WOULD  
SEE MEN AND  
WOMEN  
PASSING MY  
SHOP ALL THE  
TIME, HEADING  
FOR MECCA.

SOME OF  
THEM WERE  
RICH PILGRIMS,  
BUT MOST OF  
THE PEOPLE  
WERE POORER  
THAN I.

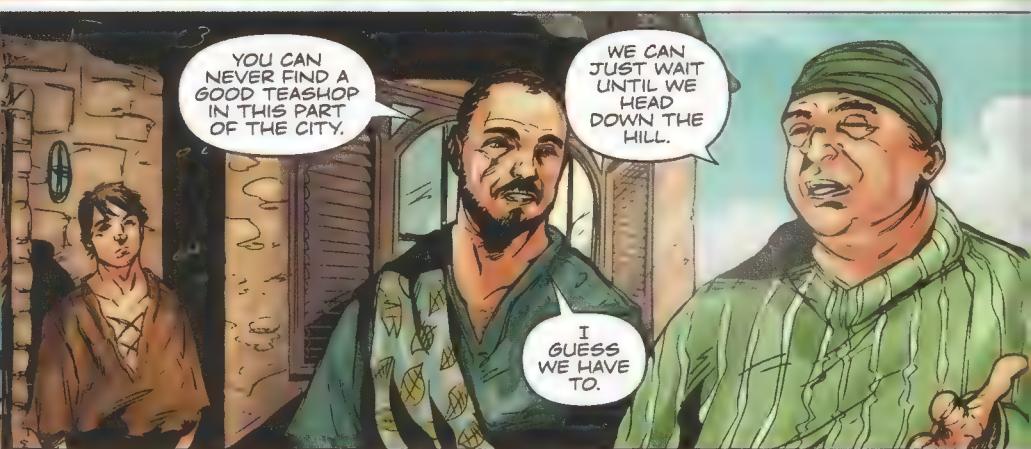


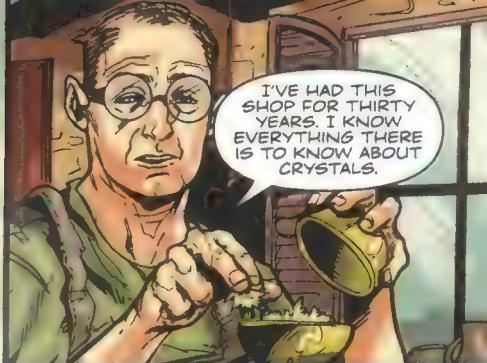
ALL WHO  
WENT WERE HAPPY  
HAVING DONE SO.  
THEY WOULD PLACE  
THE SYMBOL OF  
PILGRIMAGE ON THE  
DOOR OF THEIR  
HOUSES.

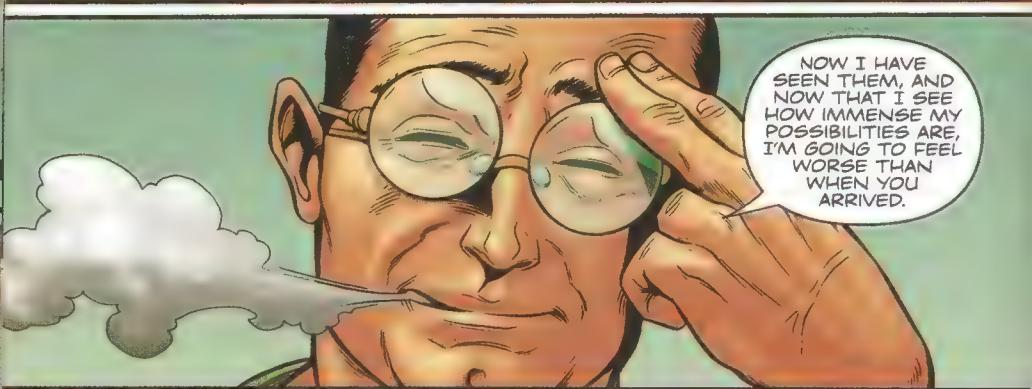


ONE OF  
THEM, A COBBLER  
WHO MADE HIS  
LIVING MENDING  
BOOTS, SAID HE HAS  
TRAVELED THROUGH  
THE DESERT FOR A  
YEAR BUT THAT HE  
GOT MORE TIRED  
WHEN HE HAD TO  
WALK THROUGH  
THE STREET OF  
TANGIER BUYING  
LEATHER.











THERE ARE PROBABLY OTHER THINGS THE SHEEP CAN'T TEACH ME. ALL THEY EVER DO, REALLY, IS LOOK FOR FOOD AND WATER.

BUT MAYBE IT WASN'T THAT THEY WERE TEACHING ME, BUT THAT I WAS LEARNING FROM THEM.



I AM NOT ANGRY AT YOU. LET ME THINK ON YOUR IDEA.

OKAY.



MAKTUB.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?



YOU WOULD HAVE TO HAVE BEEN BORN AN ARAB TO UNDERSTAND. BUT IN YOUR LANGUAGE IT WOULD BE SOMETHING LIKE "IT IS WRITTEN."

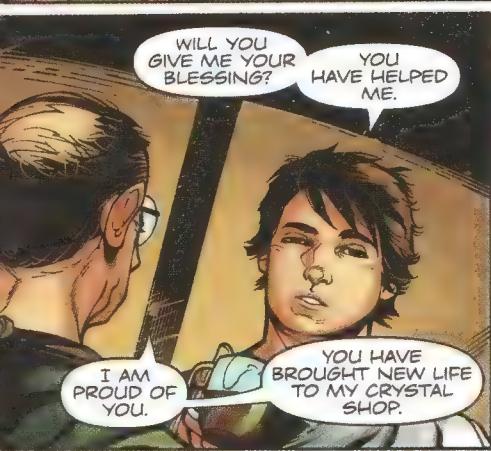


YOU CAN START SELLING TEA IN THE CRYSTAL GLASSES STARTING TOMORROW.

SOMETIMES, THERE'S JUST NO WAY TO HOLD BACK THE RIVER.











THE SHOP IS  
EXTREMELY BUSY  
TODAY.

HMM...

FROM WHERE HE STOOD,  
THE BOY SAW FOR THE  
FIRST TIME THAT THE  
OLD MERCHANT'S HAIR  
WAS VERY MUCH LIKE  
THAT OF THE OLD KING.

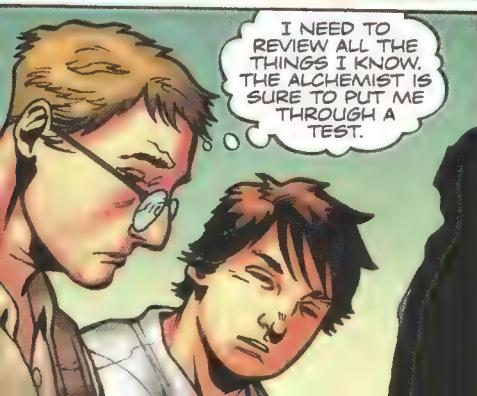
HE REMEMBERED THE  
SMILE OF THE CANDY  
SELLER, ON HIS FIRST  
DAY IN TANGIER. IT  
ALSO REMINDED HIM  
OF THE OLD KING.

IT'S LIKE THE OLD KING  
HAD BEEN HERE AND  
LEFT HIS MARK. AND  
NONE OF THESE  
PEOPLE HAD EVER MET  
THE OLD KING.

ON THE  
OTHER HAND,  
THE KING SAID  
THAT HE ALWAYS  
APPEARED TO HELP  
THOSE WHO ARE  
TRYING TO REALIZE  
THEIR PERSONAL  
LEGEND.



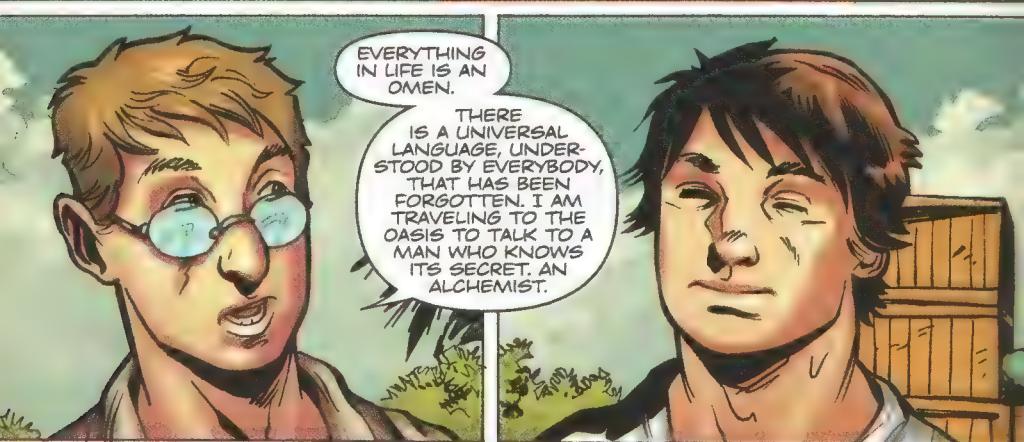








WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT OMENS?



EVERYTHING IN LIFE IS AN OMEN.

THERE IS A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE, UNDERSTOOD BY EVERYBODY, THAT HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN. I AM TRAVELING TO THE OASIS TO TALK TO A MAN WHO KNOWS ITS SECRET. AN ALCHEMIST.



YOU'RE IN LUCK, YOU TWO. THERE'S A CARAVAN LEAVING TODAY FOR AL-FAYOUM.

BUT I'M GOING TO EGYPT.



AL-FAYOUM IS IN EGYPT. WHAT KIND OF ARAB ARE YOU?

THAT'S A GOOD LUCK OMEN.

I'M LOOKING FOR A TREASURE.

IN A WAY, SO AM I.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT ALCHEMY IS.



I'M THE LEADER OF THE CARAVAN. I HOLD THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH FOR EVERY PERSON I TAKE WITH ME. THE DESERT IS A CAPRICIOUS LADY, AND SOMETIMES SHE DRIVES ME CRAZY.

THERE ARE A LOT OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE HERE, AND EACH HAS HIS OWN GOD. BUT THE ONLY GOD I SERVE IS ALLAH. AND IN HIS NAME I WILL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO WIN OUT OVER THE DESERT.

BUT I WANT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU TO SWEAR BY THE GOD YOU BELIEVE IN THAT YOU WILL FOLLOW MY ORDERS NO MATTER WHAT.

IN THE DESERT, DISOBEDIENCE MEANS DEATH.







THE TRAVELERS  
ADOPTED A PRACTICE  
OF ARRANGING THEIR  
TENTS AND ANIMALS  
IN A CIRCLE.

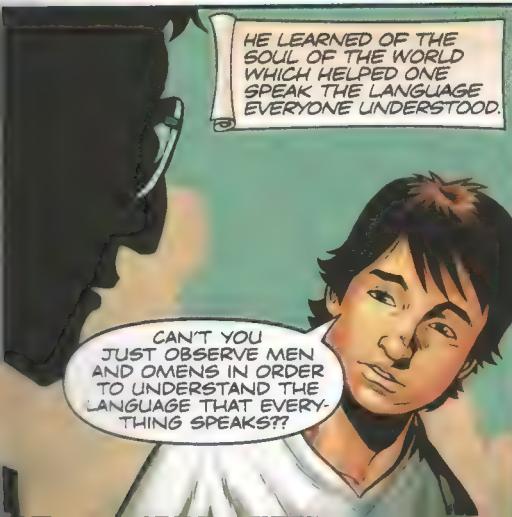
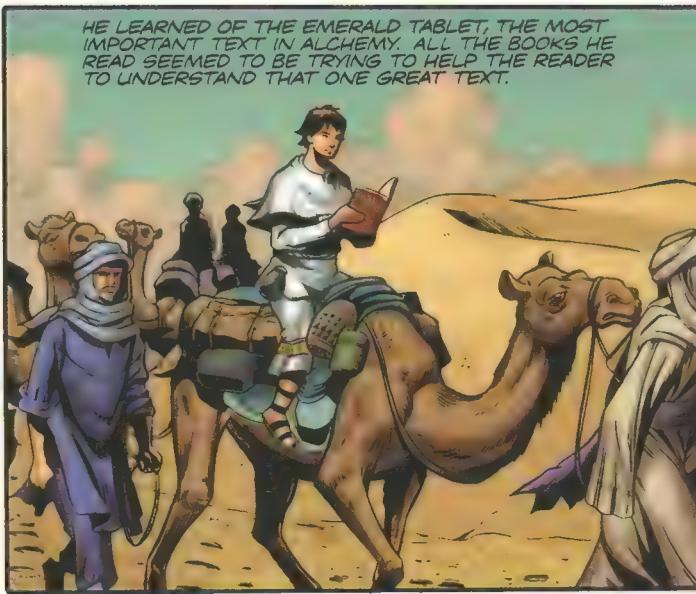
THE LEADERS ALSO BEGAN  
TO POST ARMED SENTRIES  
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE  
CAMP AS A PRECAUTION.



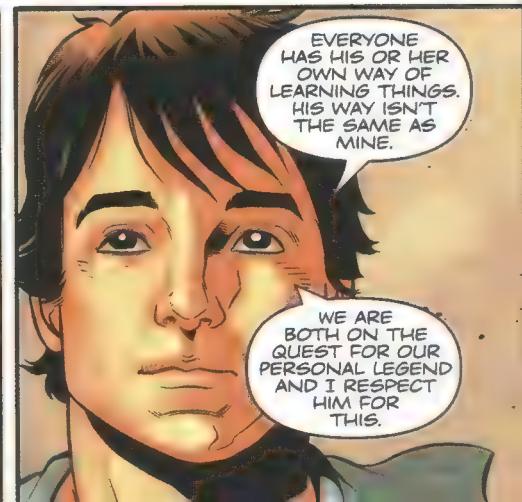
THE SOUL  
OF THE WORLD  
IS THE PRINCIPLE  
THAT GOVERNS  
ALL THINGS.

IF EITHER  
OF US HAD JOINED  
THIS CARAVAN BASED  
ONLY ON PERSONAL  
COURAGE, BUT WITHOUT  
UNDERSTANDING THAT  
LANGUAGE, THIS JOURNEY  
WOULD HAVE BEEN SO  
MUCH MORE DIFFICULT.









THE CARAVAN  
TRAVELED DAY  
AND NIGHT.



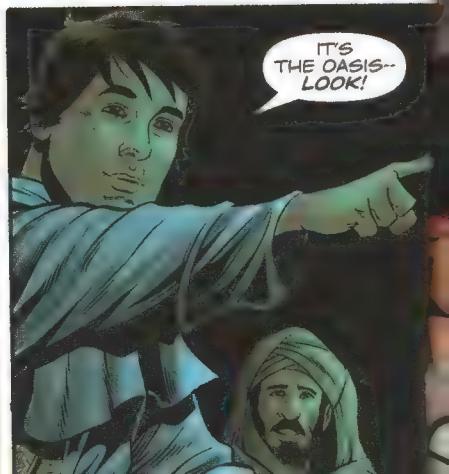
I  
DON'T LIVE  
IN THE PAST  
OR FUTURE. I'M  
INTERESTED  
IN ONLY THE  
PRESENT.



LIFE WILL  
BE PARTY FOR YOU,  
A GRAND BANQUET,  
BECAUSE LIFE IS THE  
MOMENT WE ARE  
LIVING RIGHT  
NOW.

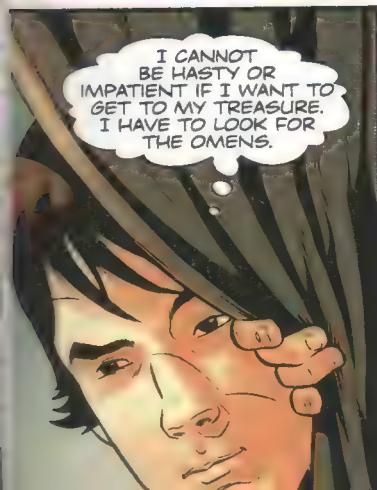
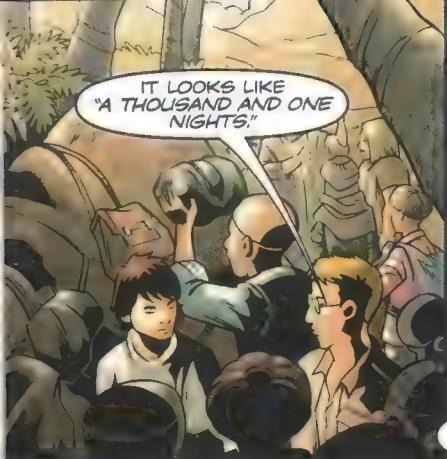


IT'S  
THE OASIS--  
LOOK!









Two days later

WE'VE  
WASTED  
AN ENTIRE DAY  
AND WE STILL  
HAVEN'T FOUND  
HIM YET.

MAYBE  
WE BETTER ASK  
SOMEONE?

GOOD  
AFTERNOON, MA'AM.  
I'M TRYING TO FIND  
WHERE THE ALCHEMIST  
LIVES HERE AT  
THE OASIS.

I DON'T  
KNOW WHO  
THAT IS.

YOU  
MUST NOT  
TALK TO WOMEN  
DRESSED IN BLACK—  
THEY ARE MARRIED  
AND YOU SHOULD  
RESPECT  
TRADITION.

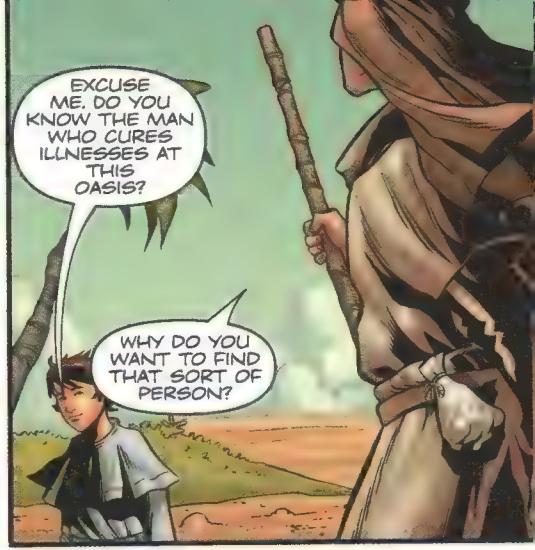
I NEVER  
HEARD OF  
THE ALCHEMIST  
BEFORE. MAYBE NO  
ONE HERE HAS  
EITHER.

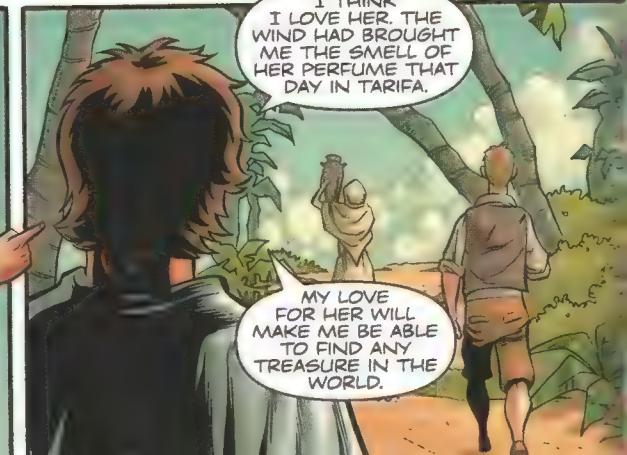
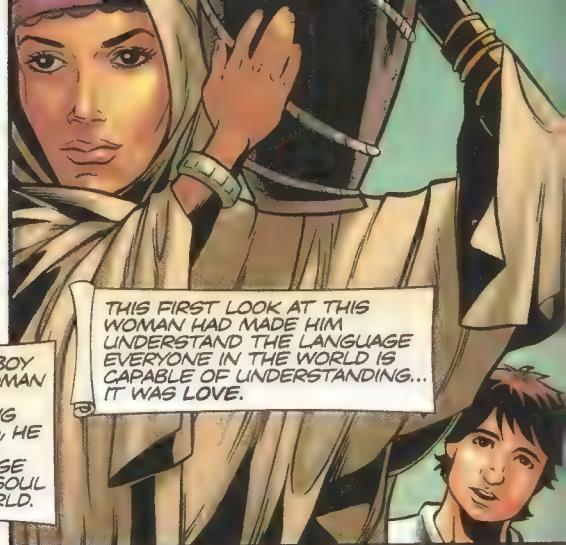
THAT'S IT.  
WE SHOULD ASK WHO  
CURES PEOPLE'S  
ILLNESSES.

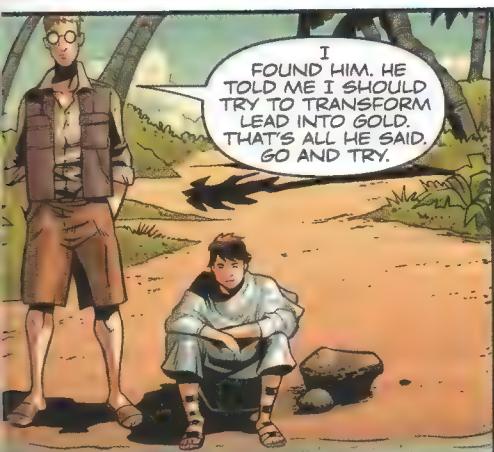
ASK  
THIS MAN WHO IS  
APPROACHING.

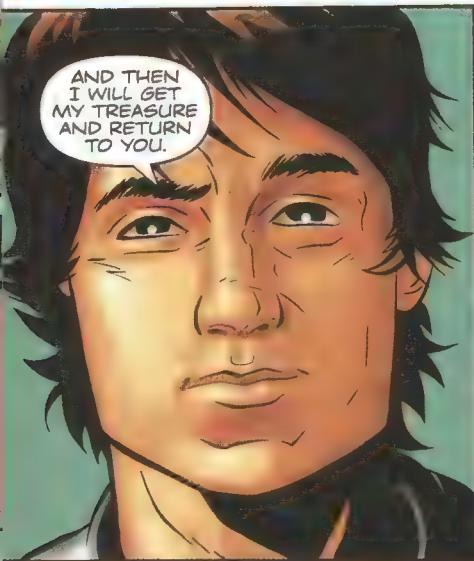
DO YOU  
KNOW SOME-  
ONE WHO CURES  
ILLNESSES?

ALLAH  
CURES OUR  
ILLNESSES.

















I WANT TO SEE THE CHIEFTAINS. I'VE BROUGHT OMENS FROM THE DESERT.





WHO IS  
THE  
STRANGER  
WHO  
SPEAKS OF  
OMENS?

IT  
IS I.

WHY WOULD  
THE DESERT REVEAL  
SUCH THINGS TO A  
STRANGER WHEN IT  
KNOWS THAT WE  
HAVE BEEN HERE FOR  
GENERATIONS?

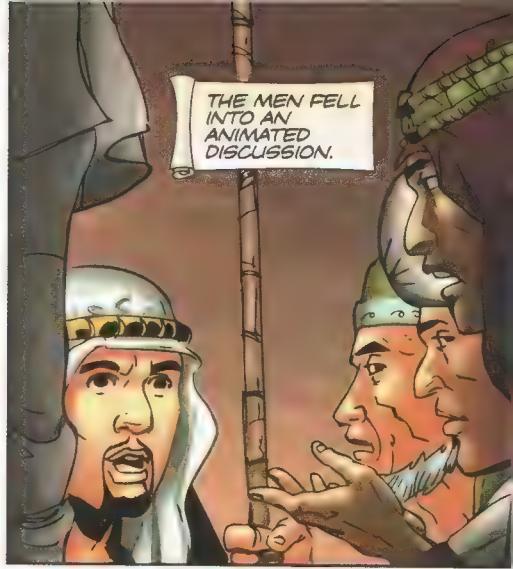
BECAUSE MY  
EYES ARE NOT YET  
ACCUSTOMED TO  
THE DESERT. I CAN  
SEE THINGS THAT  
EYES HABITUATED TO  
THE DESERT MIGHT  
NOT SEE.

AND  
BECAUSE I  
KNOW THE  
SOUL OF THE  
WORLD.

THE  
OASIS IS  
NEUTRAL  
GROUND.  
NO ONE  
ATTACKS  
AN  
OASIS.



I CAN  
TELL YOU ONLY  
WHAT I SAW. IF  
YOU DON'T WANT  
TO BELIEVE ME,  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO DO ANYTHING  
ABOUT IT.



THE MEN FELL  
INTO AN  
ANIMATED  
DISCUSSION.

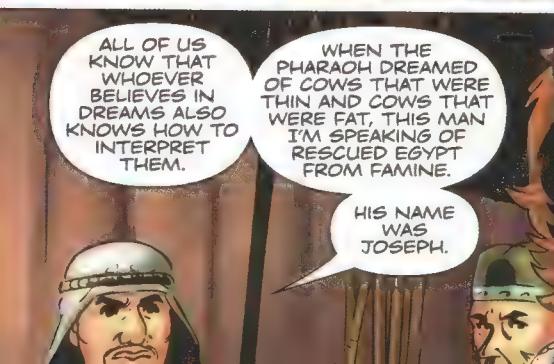


THE MAN AT THE CENTER  
SMILED ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY,  
AND THE BOY FELT BETTER.



TWO THOUSAND  
YEARS AGO, IN A DISTANT  
LAND, A MAN WHO  
BELIEVED IN DREAMS WAS  
THROWN INTO A  
DUNGEON AND THEN  
SOLD AS A SLAVE.

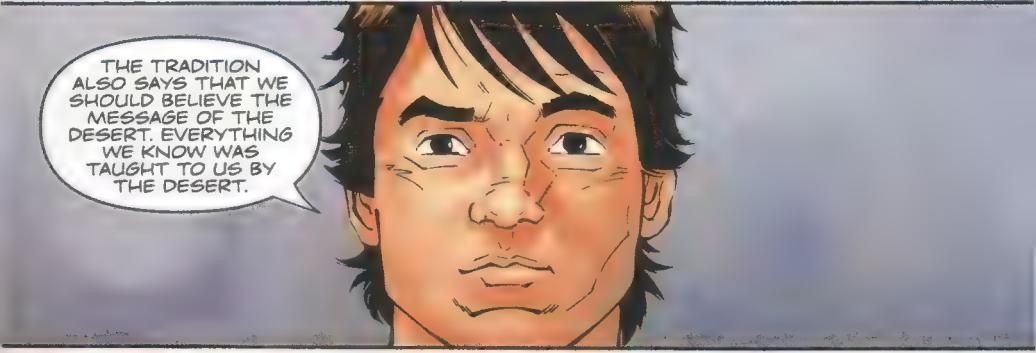
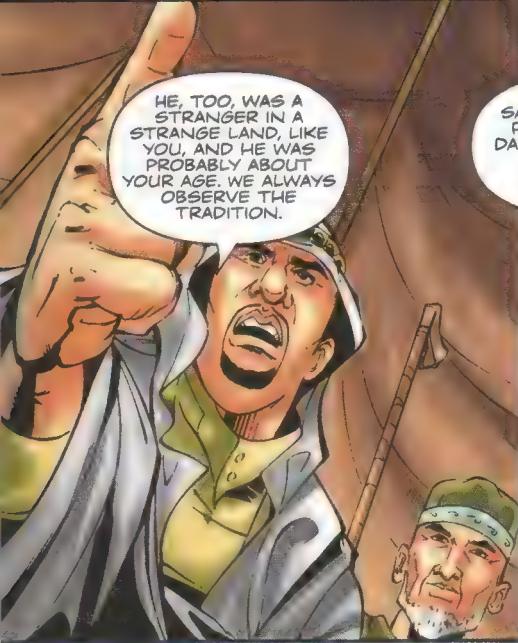
OUR  
MERCHANTS  
BOUGHT THAT  
MAN, AND  
BROUGHT HIM  
TO EGYPT.



ALL OF US  
KNOW THAT  
WHOEVER  
BELIEVES IN  
DREAMS ALSO  
KNOWS HOW TO  
INTERPRET  
THEM.

WHEN THE  
PHARAOH DREAMED  
OF COWS THAT WERE  
THIN AND COWS THAT  
WERE FAT, THIS MAN  
I'M SPEAKING OF  
RESCUED EGYPT  
FROM FAMINE.

HIS NAME  
WAS  
JOSEPH.





WHO DARES  
TO READ THE  
MEANING OF THE  
FLIGHT OF THE  
HAWKS?

IT IS I  
WHO DARED TO  
DO SO.

MANY LIVES  
WILL BE SAVED,  
BECAUSE I WAS ABLE  
TO SEE THROUGH TO  
THE SOUL OF THE  
WORLD.

WHY DID YOU  
READ THE  
FLIGHT OF THE  
BIRDS?

I  
READ ONLY  
WHAT THE  
BIRDS WANTED  
TO TELL ME.  
THEY WANTED  
TO SAVE THE  
OASIS.

TOMORROW ALL OF  
YOU WILL DIE, BECAUSE  
THERE ARE MORE MEN AT  
THE OASIS THAN YOU HAVE.

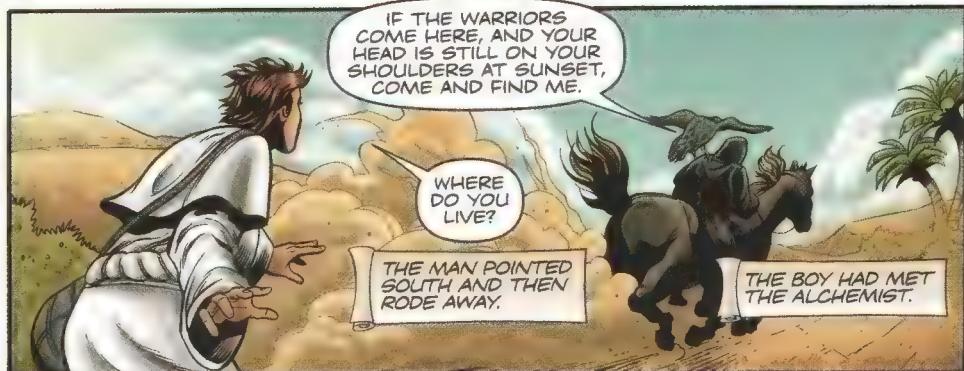
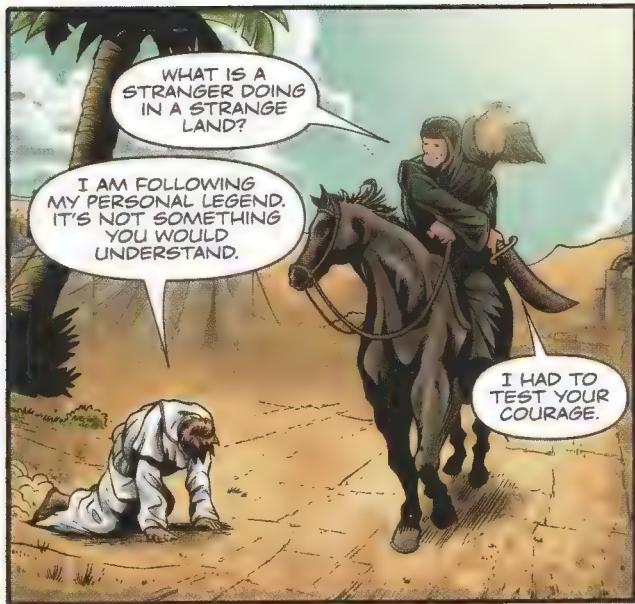
WHO  
ARE YOU  
TO CHANGE  
WHAT  
ALLAH HAS  
WILLED?

ALLAH CREATED  
THE ARMIES, AND  
HE ALSO CREATED  
THE HAWKS. ALLAH  
TAUGHT ME THE  
LANGUAGE OF THE  
BIRDS. I'VE BEEN  
TOLD EVERYTHING  
HAS BEEN WRITTEN  
BY THE SAME  
HAND.

BE CAREFUL  
WITH YOUR PROGNO-  
TICATIONS.

WHEN  
SOMETHING IS  
WRITTEN, THERE  
IS NO WAY TO  
CHANGE IT.

ALL I SAW  
WAS AN ARMY. I DIDN'T  
SEE THE OUTCOME OF  
THE BATTLE.





THE NEXT MORNING, TWO THOUSAND MEN OF THE OASIS HID THROUGHOUT THE PALM TREES.



BEFORE THE SUN HAD REACHED ITS HIGH POINT, FIVE HUNDRED TRIBESMEN APPEARED ON THE HORIZON.

# ATTACK!!



THEY ARE COMING!

BE READY!!!

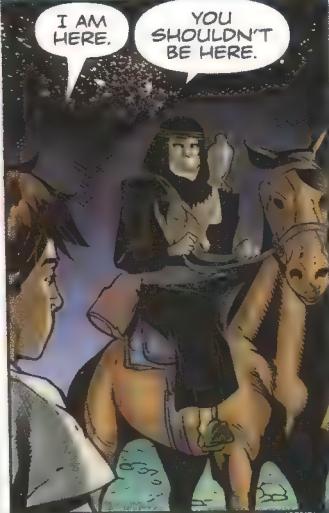


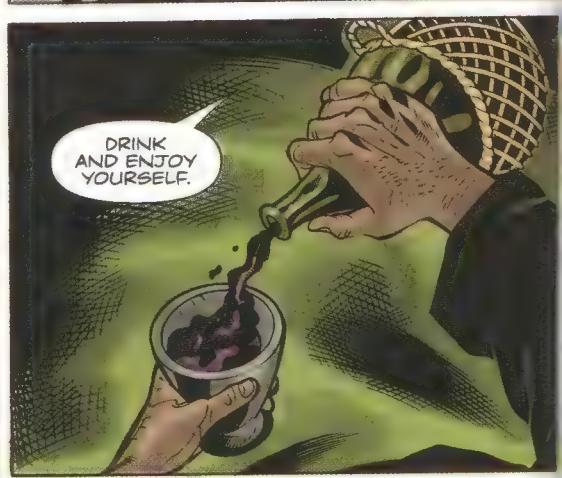
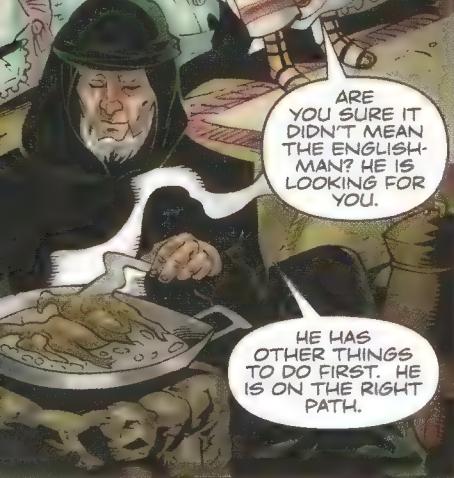
WITHIN A HALF AN HOUR ALL BUT ONE OF THE INVADERS LAY DEAD.



Later.

THAT  
MUST BE  
IT.





## The next night.



WITHOUT A WORD, THE ALCHEMIST DISMOUNTED HIS HORSE AND REACHED INTO A HOLE AMONGST THE ROCKS.

THE BOY WATCHED AS THE ALCHEMIST BATTLED AN UNSEEN CREATURE IN THE HOLE.

THE ALCHEMIST WITHDREW HIS ARM TO REVEAL HE WAS HOLDING A SNAKE.

WATCH OUT FOR THE VENOM!!!

NOT TO WORRY. HE WON'T LEAVE THE CIRCLE I WILL PLACE ON THE SAND.

YOU HAVE FOUND LIFE IN THE DESERT. THAT IS THE OMEN I NEEDED.

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT LOVE NEVER KEEPS A MAN FROM PURSUING HIS PERSONAL LEGEND. FATIMA IS A WOMAN OF THE DESERT AND SHE HAS FOUND HER TREASURE IN YOU. NOW SHE EXPECTS YOU TO FIND WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

THE ALCHEMIST EXPLAINED TO THE BOY WHY HE MUST SEEK HIS PERSONAL LEGEND TO ITS COMPLETION OR HE WOULD REGRET IT FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

I WILL GO WITH YOU.

WE WILL LEAVE BEFORE SUNRISE.

The next morning.

DON'T  
THINK  
ABOUT  
WHAT YOU  
LEFT  
BEHIND.

EVERYTHING  
IS WRITTEN IN THE  
SOUL OF THE  
WORLD, AND THERE  
IT WILL STAY  
FOREVER.

MEN DREAM  
MORE ABOUT  
COMING HOME  
THAN ABOUT  
LEAVING.

IF WHAT ONE FINDS  
IS MADE OF PURE MATTER, IT  
WILL NEVER SPOIL, AND ONE CAN  
ALWAYS COME BACK. IF WHAT YOU  
HAD FOUND WAS ONLY A MOMENT  
OF LIGHT, LIKE THE EXPLOSION  
OF A STAR, YOU WOULD FIND  
NOTHING ON YOUR  
RETURN.

THE  
ALCHEMIST  
WAS SPEAKING  
THE  
LANGUAGE OF  
ALCHEMY, BUT  
THE BOY KNEW  
HE WAS  
REFERRING TO  
FATIMA.

THE BOY COULDNT HELP  
BUT THINK ABOUT ALL HE  
LEFT BEHIND, ESPECIALLY  
THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

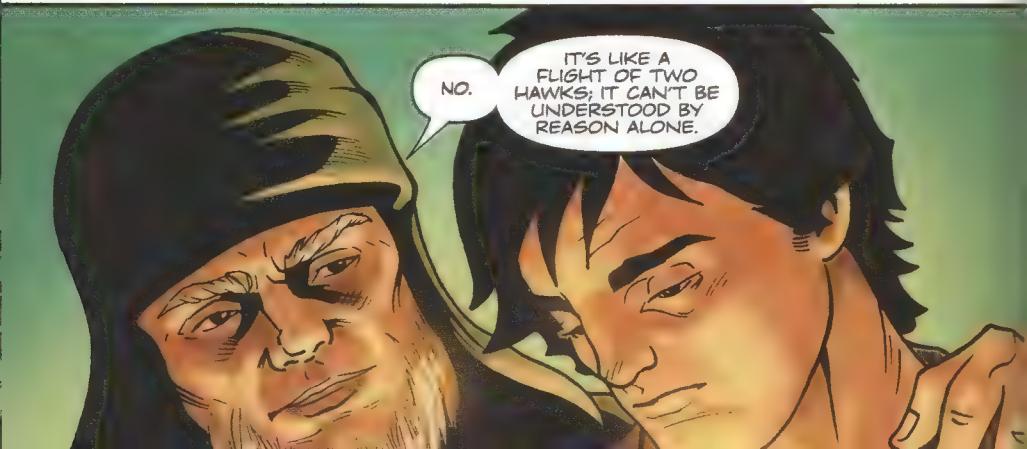
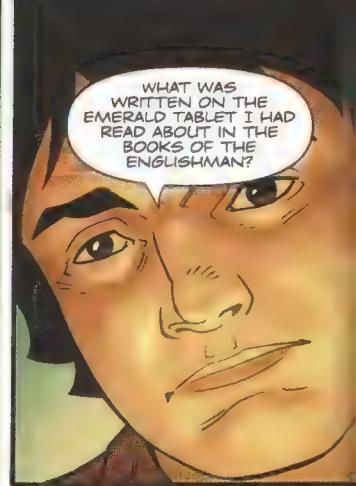
IT WAS IN THAT WAY  
THEY TRAVELED  
THROUGH THE DESERT.

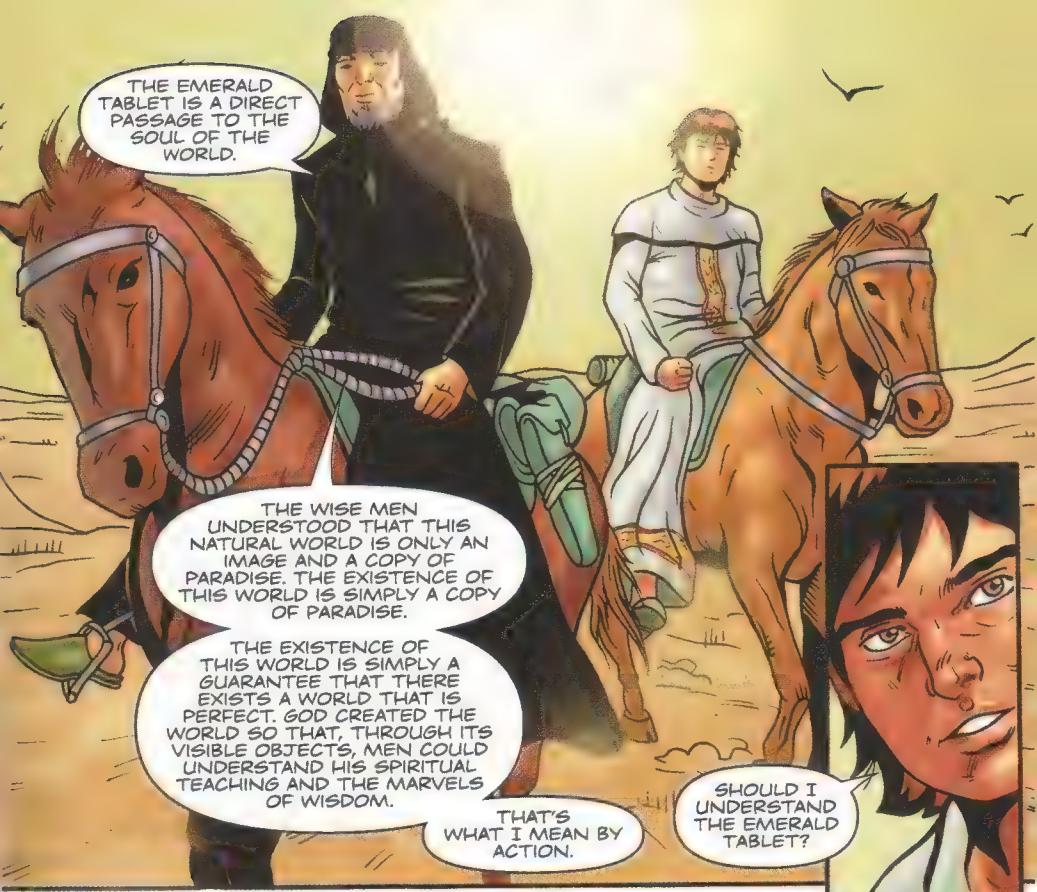
THE TRIBAL  
WARS  
CONTINUED.

OCCASIONALLY THE  
WIND WOULD BRING  
THEM THE SMELL  
OF WAR.

YOU ARE ALMOST  
AT THE END OF YOUR  
JOURNEY. I CONGRATULATE  
YOU FOR HAVING PURSUED  
YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND.

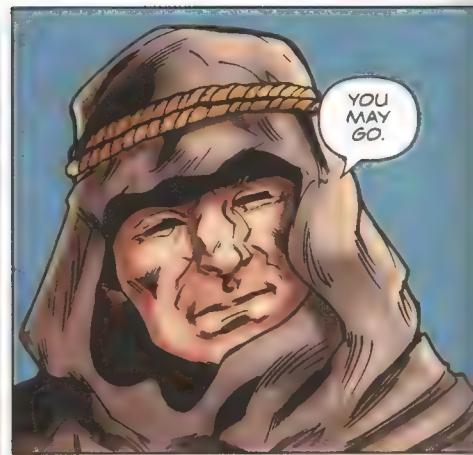
AND YOU'VE TOLD ME  
NOTHING ALONG THE WAY. I  
THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING  
TO TEACH ME SOME OF THE  
THINGS YOU KNOW.















ANYONE WHO INTERFERES  
WITH THE PERSONAL LEGEND OF  
ANOTHER THING NEVER WILL  
DISCOVER HIS OWN.



THIS  
DESERT  
WAS ONCE  
A SEA.



I  
NOTICED  
THAT.



THE SEA HAS  
LIVED ON IN THIS  
SHELL, BECAUSE  
THAT'S ITS  
PERSONAL  
LEGEND.

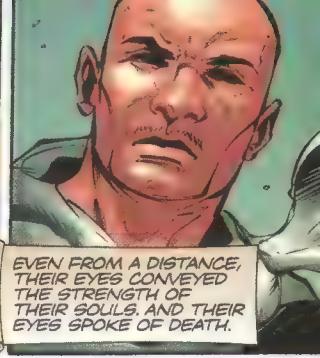
AND IT WILL  
NEVER CEASE  
DOING SO UNTIL  
THE DESERT IS  
ONCE AGAIN  
COVERED BY  
WATER.



HMM?



HE  
DOESN'T  
SEEM  
WORRIED.





I'M JUST A  
MAN WHO WANDERS  
THE DESERT AND  
KNOWS THE STARS.



I HAVE NO  
INFORMATION ABOUT  
TROOPS OR ABOUT THE  
MOVEMENT OF TRIBES.  
I WAS SIMPLY ACTING  
AS A GUIDE FOR MY  
FRIEND HERE.

WHO IS  
YOUR  
FRIEND?



AN  
ALCHEMIST.



HE  
UNDERSTANDS  
THE FORCES  
OF NATURE.  
AND HE WANTS  
TO SHOW YOU  
HIS POWER.



HE HAS BROUGHT  
MONEY TO GIVE TO  
YOUR TRIBE.



IT IS A MAN WHO  
UNDERSTANDS  
NATURE AND THE  
WORLD. IF HE WANTED  
TO HE COULD  
DESTROY THIS CAMP  
JUST WITH  
THE FORCE OF  
THE WIND.



HAHAHAH!



I WANT  
TO SEE HIM  
DO IT!



HE  
NEEDS THREE  
DAYS.

HE IS  
GOING TO  
TRANSFORM  
HIMSELF INTO  
THE WIND,  
JUST TO  
DEMONSTRATE  
HIS POWER.

IF HE CAN'T  
DO SO, WE HUMBLY  
OFFER YOU OUR  
LIVES, FOR THE  
HONOR OF YOUR  
TRIBE.



YOU CAN'T  
OFFER ME  
SOMETHING THAT  
IS ALREADY MINE.  
YOU HAVE THREE  
DAYS.



DON'T LET  
THEM SEE THAT YOU  
ARE AFRAID.

THEY ARE  
BRAVE MEN, AND  
THEY DESPISE  
COWARDS.



YOU GAVE  
THEM EVERYTHING  
I HAD!

EVERYTHING  
I'VE SAVED IN MY  
ENTIRE LIFE!

WELL, WHAT  
GOOD WOULD IT  
BE TO YOU IF YOU  
HAD TO DIE?



# The first day.

THERE WAS A MAJOR BATTLE THAT DAY AND A NUMBER OF DEAD AND WOUNDED MEN WERE BROUGHT BACK TO THE CAMP.

DEATH  
DOESN'T CHANGE  
ANYTHING.

I STILL  
HAVE NO IDEA  
HOW TO CHANGE  
MYSELF INTO  
THE WIND.

REMEMBER  
WHAT I TOLD YOU:  
THE WORLD IS  
ONLY THE VISIBLE  
ASPECT OF GOD.

AND THAT WHAT  
ALCHEMY DOES IS TO  
BRING SPIRITUAL  
PERFECTION INTO  
CONTACT WITH THE  
MATERIAL PLANE.

FEEDING  
MY  
FALCON.

IF I'M NOT  
ABLE TO TURN  
MYSELF INTO  
THE WIND, WE'RE  
GOING TO DIE.

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

YOU'RE  
THE ONE  
WHO MAY  
DIE.

I ALREADY  
KNOW HOW  
TO TURN  
MYSELF INTO  
THE WIND.

WHY FEED  
YOUR  
FALCON?

# The second day.

THE BOY CLIMBED A CLIFF NEAR THE CAMP.

HE SPENT THE ENTIRE AFTERNOON OF THE SECOND DAY LOOKING OUT OVER THE DESERT LISTENING TO HIS HEART.

THE BOY KNEW THE DESERT SENSED HIS FEAR.

THEY SPOKE THE SAME LANGUAGE.

LET ME SEE YOU TURN YOURSELF INTO WIND.

LET'S.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE AWHILE.

WE'RE IN NO HURRY. WE ARE MEN OF THE DESERT.

FATIMA...

SOMEWHERE YOU ARE HOLDING THE PERSON I LOVE.

SO, WHEN I LOOK OUT OVER YOUR SANDS I AM ALSO LOOKING AT HER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE TODAY?

DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WANTED ME YESTERDAY?

I WANT TO RETURN TO HER, AND I NEED YOUR HELP SO THAT I CAN TURN MYSELF INTO THE WIND.



YOU HAVE TO ASK THE  
WIND FOR HELP.



THE TRIBESMEN  
WATCHED THE BOY AND  
SPOKE IN A LANGUAGE  
THE BOY DIDN'T KNOW.



HELP  
ME.  
ONE DAY  
YOU CARRIED  
THE VOICE OF  
MY LOVED  
ONE TO ME.



WE'RE TWO  
VERY DIFFERENT  
THINGS.

THAT'S NOT  
TRUE. I LEARNED  
THE  
ALCHEMIST'S  
SECRETS IN MY  
TRAVELS.



I HAVE INSIDE  
ME THE WINDS, THE  
DESERTS, THE OCEANS,  
THE STARS AND  
EVERYTHING CREATED IN  
THE UNIVERSE.

WE ARE ALL  
MADE BY THE  
SAME HAND, WE  
HAVE THE  
SAME SOUL.



I HEARD WHAT  
YOU WERE TALKING  
ABOUT THE OTHER  
DAY WITH THE  
ALCHEMIST.

EVERYTHING  
HAS A PERSONAL  
LEGEND, BUT PEOPLE  
CAN'T TURN  
THEMSELVES INTO  
WIND.



JUST  
TEACH ME  
TO BE THE  
WIND FOR A  
FEW  
MOMENTS.

SO YOU AND  
I CAN TALK ABOUT  
THE LIMITED  
POSSIBILITIES OF  
PEOPLE AND THE  
WIND.





IN MY TRAVELS  
AROUND THE WORLD,  
I'VE OFTEN SEEN  
PEOPLE SPEAKING  
OF LOVE AND LOOKING  
TOWARD THE  
HEAVENS

MAYBE IT'S  
BETTER TO ASK  
THE HEAVENS

SO, THE BOY  
ASKED THE WIND  
TO FILL THE AIR  
WITH SAND SO  
HE WOULD NOT  
BE BLINDED  
WHEN HE SPOKE  
WITH THE SUN.



SIR, THE  
WIND IS GETTING  
STRONGER.  
MAYBE WE  
SHOULD END  
THIS.

NO, I WANT TO  
SEE THE  
GREATNESS OF  
ALLAH.

I WANT TO SEE  
HOW A MAN TURNS  
HIMSELF INTO THE  
WIND.



THE WIND  
TOLD ME THAT YOU  
KNOW ABOUT LOVE. IF  
SO YOU KNOW MUST  
ALSO KNOW OF THE  
SOUL OF THE WORLD  
'CAUSE IT'S MADE  
OF LOVE.



GO IN  
YOU

I WANT YOU  
TO HELP ME TURN  
MYSELF INTO THE  
WIND.

AS LOVE RUSHED  
FROM HIS HEART  
THE BOY BEGAN  
TO PRAY.

THE BOY SAW THAT THE  
HAND HAD A REASON FOR  
CREATING EVERYTHING, AND  
ONLY THE HAND COULD  
PERFORM MIRACLES OR  
TURN A MAN TO WIND.

THE BOY REALIZED THAT  
ONLY THE HAND  
UNDERSTOOD THE MASTER  
DESIGN OF THE UNIVERSE,  
CREATED IN SIX DAYS.

THE BOY REACHED  
THROUGH TO THE  
SOUL OF THE  
WORLD, AND SAW  
THAT IT WAS  
PART OF THE  
SOUL OF GOD.

AND HE  
SAW THAT  
THE SOUL  
OF GOD  
WAS PART  
OF HIS  
OWN SOUL.

AND THAT  
HE, A BOY,  
COULD  
PERFORM  
MIRACLES.

THE WIND  
BLEW THAT  
DAY LIKE IT  
HAD NEVER  
BLOWN  
BEFORE.

WHEN IT  
FINALLY  
STOPPED, THE  
MEN COULD  
SEE THE BOY  
WAS GONE.

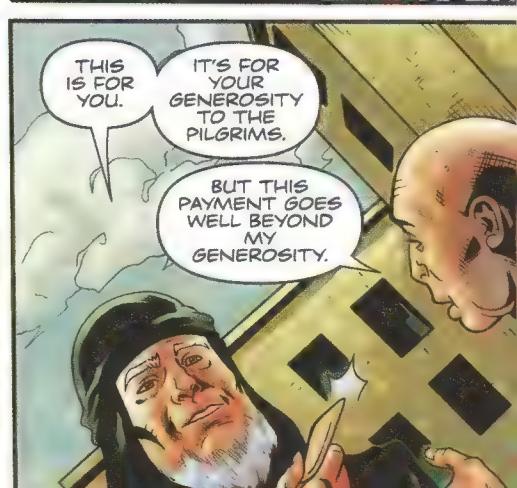
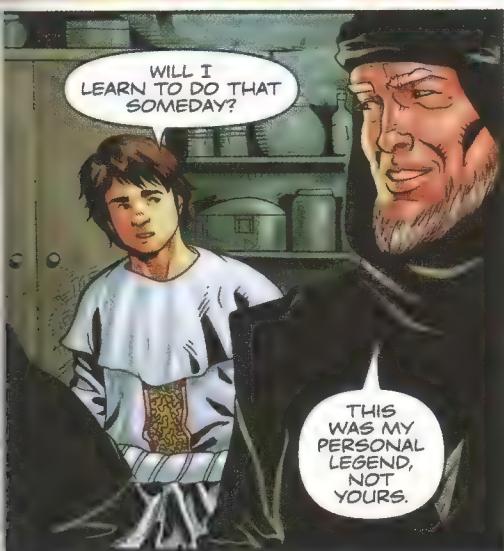
THE MEN WERE TERRIFIED AT WHAT THE  
BOY HAD DONE, BUT THERE WERE TWO WHO  
WERE SMILING. THE ALCHEMIST, BECAUSE  
HE HAD FOUND HIS PERFECT DISCIPLE, AND  
THE GENERAL, BECAUSE THAT DISCIPLE HAD  
UNDERSTOOD THE GLORY OF GOD.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE  
GENERAL BADED THE BOY AND THE  
ALCHEMIST FAREWELL, AND  
PROVIDED THEM WITH AN ESCORT  
PARTY TO ACCOMPANY THEM AS  
FAR AS THEY CHOSE.

GO WITH  
ALLAH, MY  
FRIENDS.





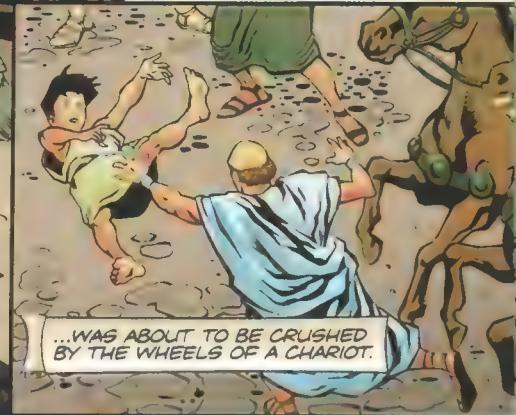








SHORTLY  
THEREAFTER,  
THE FATHER  
DIED.



SINCE HE HAD LIVED HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN A MANNER THAT WAS CORRECT AND FAIR, HE WENT DIRECTLY TO HEAVEN, WHERE HE MET THE ANGEL WHO HAD APPEARED IN HIS DREAM.

YOU WERE ALWAYS A GOOD MAN.

YOU LIVED YOUR LIFE IN A LOVING WAY, AND DIED WITH DIGNITY.

I CAN NOW GRANT YOU ANY WISH YOU DESIRE.

WHEN YOU APPEARED IN MY DREAM, I FELT THAT ALL MY EFFORTS HAD BEEN REWARDED, BECAUSE MY SON'S POEMS WILL BE READ BY GENERATIONS TO COME.

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FOR MYSELF.

BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOMETIME IN THE DISTANT FUTURE PEOPLE SPEAKING MY SON'S WORDS.

THIS I CAN GRANT YOU.

LET ME SHOW YOU.

OKAY.

THE ANGEL HAD PROJECTED THE MAN AND HERSELF FAR INTO THE FUTURE.

I KNEW MY SON'S POEMS WOULD BE IMMORTAL.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH OF MY SON'S POEMS THESE PEOPLE ARE REPEATING?







SHORTLY THEREAFTER, HE REACHED THE PLACE WHERE THE RABBI HE WAS LOOKING FOR WAS VISITING.



MY LORD, MY SERVANT MARCUS IS GRAVELY ILL. I HAVE LEARNED YOU CAN HEAL HIM. I ASK NOTHING FOR MYSELF BUT FOR MY SERVANT TO BE HEALED.

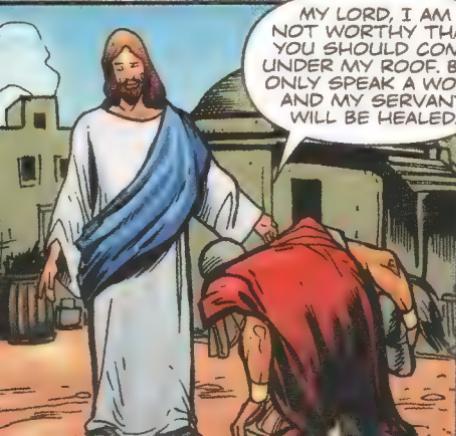
WE CAN LEAVE AT ONCE TO YOUR HOME. I WILL HELP THIS MAN YOU HAVE TRAVELED SO FAR ON BEHALF OF.

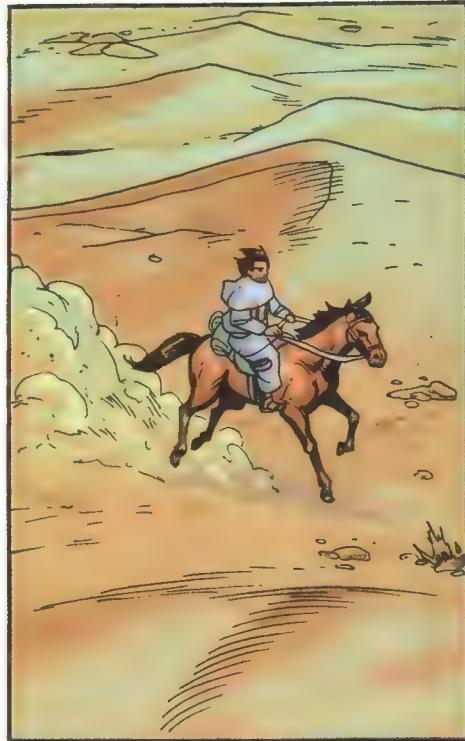
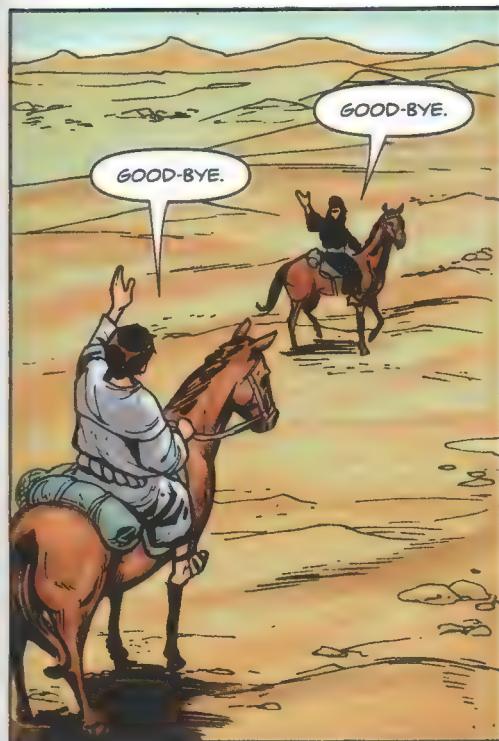
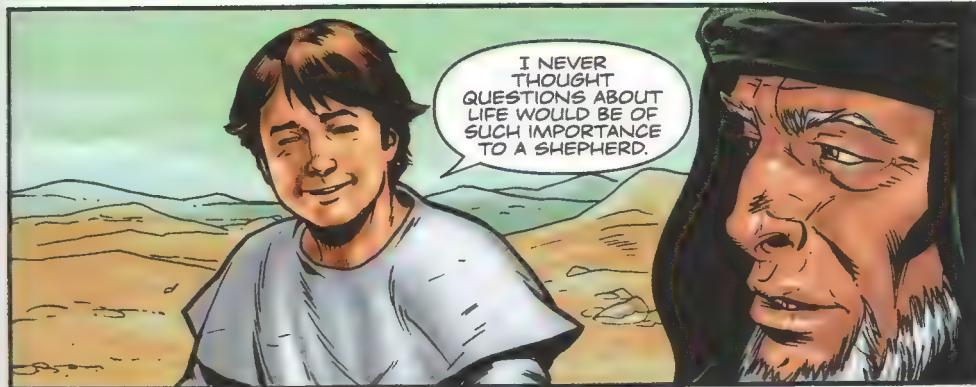
TRUE, I AM IN THE PRESENCE OF THE SON OF GOD.

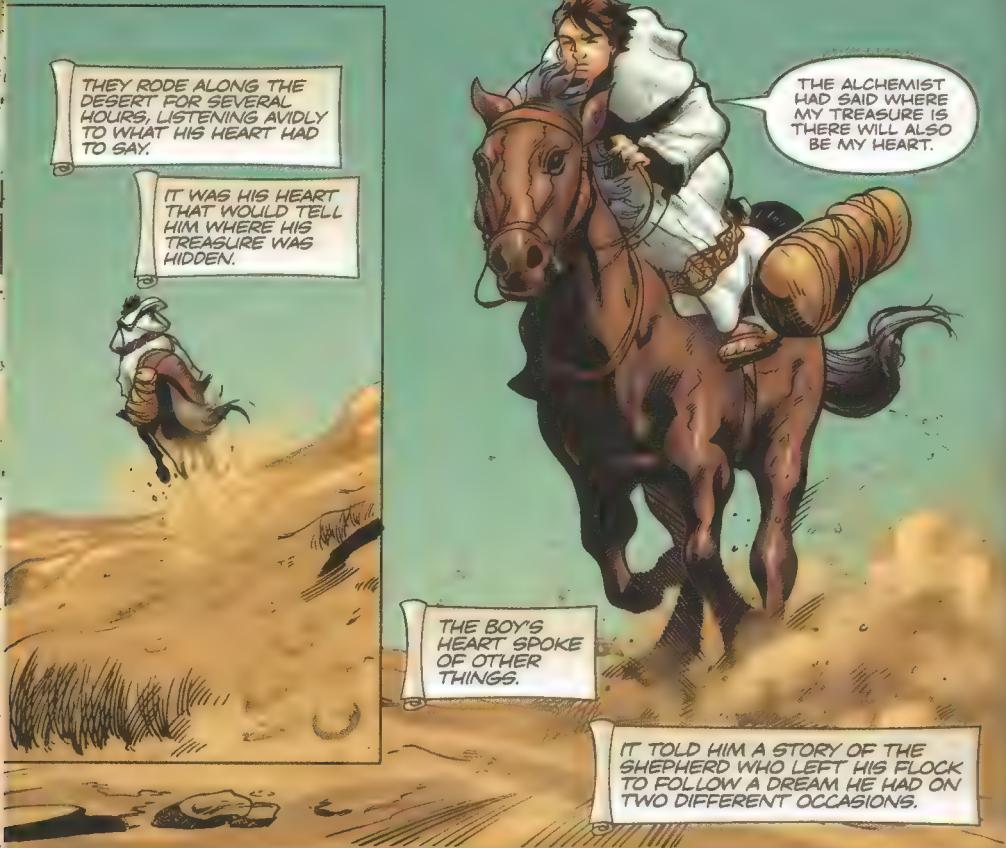


MY LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY THAT YOU SHOULD COME UNDER MY ROOF, BUT ONLY SPEAK A WORD AND MY SERVANT WILL BE HEALED.

THANK YOU.









DURING HIS TIME  
IN THE DESERT, HE  
HAD LEARNED  
THAT, IN EGYPT,  
THE SCARAB  
BEETLES ARE A  
SYMBOL OF GOD.



ANOTHER  
OMEN.



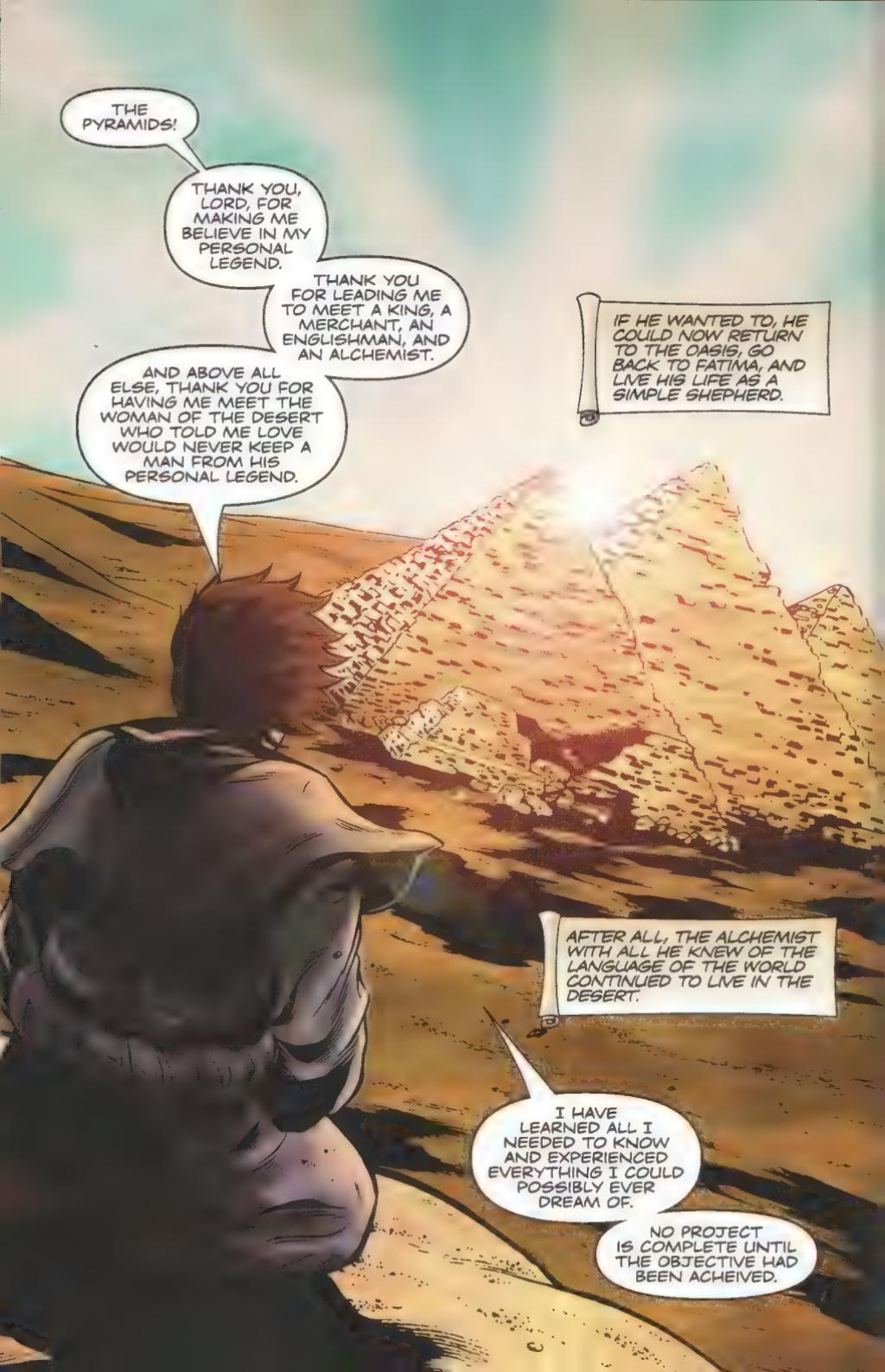
THIS  
IS THE  
SPOT.



NOTHING  
BUT ROCKS SO  
FAR. IT HAS TO  
BE HERE, MY  
HEART TOLD  
ME SO.



HUH!



THE PYRAMIDS!

THANK YOU, LORD, FOR MAKING ME BELIEVE IN MY PERSONAL LEGEND.

THANK YOU FOR LEADING ME TO MEET A KING, A MERCHANT, AN ENGLISHMAN, AND AN ALCHEMIST.

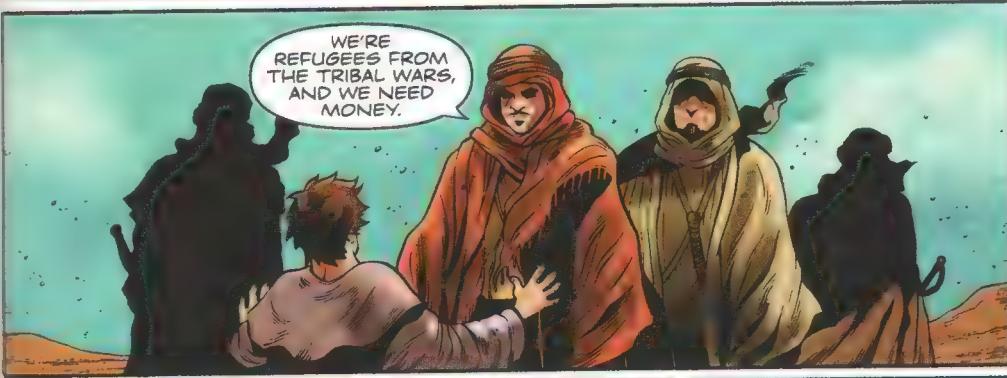
AND ABOVE ALL ELSE, THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME MEET THE WOMAN OF THE DESERT WHO TOLD ME LOVE WOULD NEVER KEEP A MAN FROM HIS PERSONAL LEGEND.

IF HE WANTED TO, HE COULD NOW RETURN TO THE OASIS, GO BACK TO FATIMA, AND LIVE HIS LIFE AS A SIMPLE SHEPHERD.

AFTER ALL, THE ALCHEMIST WITH ALL HE KNEW OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE WORLD CONTINUED TO LIVE IN THE DESERT.

I HAVE LEARNED ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW AND EXPERIENCED EVERYTHING I COULD POSSIBLY EVER DREAM OF.

NO PROJECT IS COMPLETE UNTIL THE OBJECTIVE HAD BEEN ACHIEVED.





WE'RE LEAVING.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE.

YOU'LL LIVE, AND YOU'LL LEARN THAT A MAN SHOULDN'T BE SO STUPID.

TWO YEARS AGO, RIGHT HERE ON THIS SPOT, I HAD A RECURRENT DREAM, TOO. I DREAMED I SHOULD TRAVEL TO THE FIELDS OF SPAIN AND LOOK FOR A RUINED CHURCH WHERE SHEPHERDS AND THEIR SHEEP SLEPT.

IN MY DREAM, THERE WAS A SYCAMORE GROWING OUT OF THE RUINS OF THE SACRISTY, AND I WAS TOLD THAT IF I DUG AT THE ROOTS OF THE SYCAMORE, I WOULD FIND A HIDDEN TREASURE.

BUT I'M NOT SO STUPID AS TO CROSS AN ENTIRE DESERT JUST BECAUSE OF A RECURRENT DREAM.

OH!



THE BOY STOOD SHAKILY, AND LOOKED ONCE MORE AT THE PYRAMIDS.

THEY SEEMED TO LAUGH AT HIM, AND HE LAUGHED BACK, HIS HEART BURSTING WITH JOY.

HA! HA!

BECAUSE NOW HE KNEW WHERE HIS TREASURE WAS.

Two weeks later.  
Spain.

I HAVE  
COME FULL  
CIRCLE.

I CAN  
REMEMBER  
SO LONG AGO  
BEING HERE WITH  
MY SHEEP...IT  
WAS SO  
PEACEFUL THAT  
NIGHT.

EXCEPT  
FOR THE  
DREAM.

I HAVE  
RETURNED HERE  
NOT WITH MY  
FLOCK BUT WITH  
A SHOVEL TO  
FIND HIDDEN  
TREASURE.

I CAN  
REMEMBER THE  
NIGHT THE  
ALCHEMIST AND I  
DRANK WINE IN  
THE DESERT.

I WAS  
STILL NOT  
READY TO  
FIND MY  
TREASURE.



HE THOUGHT OF THE MANY ROADS  
HE HAD TRAVELED, AND OF THE  
STRANGE WAY GOD HAD CHOSEN TO  
SHOW HIM HIS TREASURE.

IF I HADN'T  
BELIEVED IN THE  
SIGNIFICANCE OF  
RECURRENT DREAMS...

...I WOULD  
NEVER HAVE MET  
THE GYPSY WOMAN,  
THE KING, THE  
THIEF, OR...

...WELL,  
IT'S A LONG  
LIST.

BUT THE  
PATH WAS  
WRITTEN IN THE  
OMENS.



THERE  
WAS NO  
WAY I  
COULD GO  
WRONG.



The next morning.



YOU OLD  
SORCERER.



YOU KNEW  
THE WHOLE  
STORY.

YOU EVEN  
LEFT A BIT OF GOLD  
AT THE MONASTERY  
SO I COULD GET  
BACK TO THIS  
CHURCH.







Spanish Boy



English Man



Fatima



Leader of the Oasis





# General Blue Soldiers

Narcissus



Goddess 1



Goddess 2



Santiago



The Alchemist

Merchant



Santiago's Father



# Merchant's Daughter



Gypsy





EVERY FEW DECADES A BOOK  
COMES ALONG THAT CHANGES THE LIVES  
OF ITS READERS FOREVER

FICTION

“It was an old dream of mine  
to have *The Alchemist* as a graphic novel.  
This version exceeds my expectations  
and is a beautiful manifestation  
of what I originally imagined while  
crafting this story.”

—PAULO COELHO

